

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1916

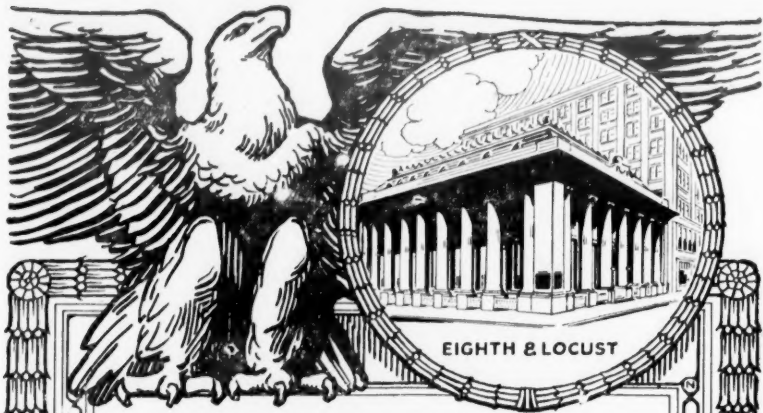
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REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1916

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Call

By William Marion Reedy

SUNDAY night in our quiet street came the cry of "Extry." You cannot ignore that cry these times, even though you have been fooled often by fakes or issues on events that were trivial. You must have the paper, even though the housewife cannot see why you should pay 5 cents for a paper smaller than the one for which but one cent is charged. The President had called the national guard to the colors, for possible, nay probable action against Mexico.

There was a thrill, not without a trace of pang in the news. Familiar though we were with the idea of war, with news of great fights by land and sea, here was a close approach of the horror that made for pause.

National conventions had fulminated about preparedness while glorying in peace, and here was preparedness upon us as a very immediate thing. "Oh, it's only with Mexico; it won't amount to anything," one said. "Carranza has been bluffing to save his face at home."

Then the telephone bell rang. A mother was at the other end of the line, talking amid sobs: "It can't be true. I won't let my boy go. It's horrible—my only boy. The President must be mad. Can't anything be done?" Then a pause and a boy's voice at the phone: "Say, it's just grand. Don't mind mother. I'm crazy to go. We won't do a thing to those Greasers. I'll come back a general. Don't mind mother."

And so to bed, but hardly to sleep at once, for one thought of the fears of all the mothers, and of the raptures of all the boys, and how war is made up of so many of the fears realized, so many of the raptures ended in death.

Next day you met the fathers of the boys down town, a little solemn: "I guess it won't amount to anything, and I hope so. I wouldn't have my boy shirk at all—he must do his duty—but—I hope it's a false alarm or a bluff. This war business is damned foolishness anyhow."

That night you noticed the frequency of the boys in khaki on the quiet west end streets, each with his girl, walking slowly, leaning close. You saw the couples sitting on steps or copings. You saw them in doorways kissing and you heard the girls crying. Here a girl wore the dented hat of her sweetheart rakishly as she walked with him, clutching his arm. Now and then one laughed nervously. The sweethearts were very appealing in their sweet sorrow of parting. As a man you envied the boys their sense of being a bit heroic, their joy in the tenderness they were evoking.

Then from a saloon swung out other boys, laughing loudly and liquorishly, in twos or three or fours, taking the whole sidewalk, maybe staggering a little and trying to maintain a martial pose. One, very sick at the stomach, hung limp between two companions who jollied him. Again two youths in khaki walked laughingly on either side of a drunken,

slangy girl. It was the last night out for the boys for some time and the most was made of it.

And so on Tuesday it seemed that the city's little complement of militiamen overspread the town as if they numbered many thousands. It seemed the town broke out in a rash of khaki. The boys in brown were numerous in jitneys. You met them in the stores, in the elevators of skyscrapers. And joy was in their faces. "Yes; we're off to Nevada this evening. My boss is going to pay me full time while I'm away." To the youth the President's summons was a call to a picnic. And the cheap photograph galleries must have done a good business. Many boys and girls were seen entering or leaving them.

At the Armory, the mothers, daughters, sweethearts, young wives were on hand to put the final touches to the guardsmen's kits, to admonish as to conduct, to implore remembrance, to say good-bye with many tears. The boys put on more bravery than they felt, stood more stiffly, walked more chestily than the regulations called for. There were babies about cooing at their da-das from their mammas' arms. Or a young soldier here and there took one up and talked bye-bye talk, a bit chokingly. Then the order came, "Fall in!" Somewhat later, "Company fours! Forward, march!" And off the soldier boys went, their feet playing flick-flack, flick-flack on the asphalt. The regimental band made music, but you forgot it in the flick-flack of the feet and the swish of their stiff garments, the slight rattle of the guns. Flick-flack, flick-flack, on down town to the station and the train. No cheering from the people on the sidewalk or from the people in the halted automobiles. Indeed, there were women crying in the machines and on the walks or looking out of windows. How hot the boys looked in their khaki, how heavy the guns and the blankets slung over head and under arm! What boys' faces they were. Smiling, generally, but nevertheless a trifle set. Here and there a face bore traces of tears. After these came the recruits of the preceding forty-eight hours, in citizen's clothes, walking shamblingly, looking to one side and the other—how ridiculous these rookies of the Guard! Particularly one or two in natty grey suits with up-to-the-minute straw hats. The sidewalk crowd laughed at them, but not much.

I wondered how the home-going folk in their stopped automobiles along Locust street felt as they viewed the procession. Many of the automobilists had paraded for preparedness three weeks before and felt that they had done their duty by their country. How much sterner duty was represented in these marching boys! And how much less the boys had to fight for than the men in the automobiles! Yet let us be fair to the men in the automobiles. I was one of them and I envied those marching boys their vision of glory, their consciousness of doing something for their country, their red golden dream of a coming great adventure. Ah, "if youth but knew"—but it is the divine delight of youth that it does not know.

There were tunes by the band at the station,

some cheers, more kisses and good-byes, maybe a song or two, the guardsmen got into their cars, and the train pulled out. The crowd that had gathered to see the militiamen off dispersed soberly, almost somberly. Women among them were in tears. No woman is under any illusion as to the meaning of war.

"Pshaw," remarked a man, "why all this long-faced gloom? Those kids are only going to the state camp at Nevada. They may never have to leave the state, and if they do, it will only be to patrol the Mexican border. They are in no danger."

True enough! Yet I was thinking of the same kind of boys I had seen marching past Regents Park in London, the British Territorials, in the first days of August, 1914—throwing kisses to the serving maids, shouting, "Are we down-hearted? No!" Where are they to-day? How many of them dead somewhere in France, at Gallipoli? Why, they were going to a short war. It would soon be over. . . . Those shining morning faces. . . . The girls I'd seen them walking out with in the balmy evenings along the villa-lined streets of outer London. . . . The mothers and babies I'd seen about the barracks. . . . The flick-flack of the soldiers' feet on London streets. . . . those boys that never will return.

So easy, it seems, to start a war; so hard to stop it, once begun! So much of glory gone dull and drab. So much of youth's fineness sacrificed to war! This call to the colors we have heard, the response thereto we have seen, is but a mere hint of war, only a gesture, we may believe and hope, but the hint has its horror, even if, also, its touch of personal splendor in youth's responsive high heart. In the willingness to fight and die for something not themselves, for an ideal of honor, there is a quality which not even the most fanatic pacifist may blaspheme, and these boys we have just seen off are the keepers of the world's hope and faith in the things without which death were better than life. The horror and the pity is that they may be off to kill or be killed by other boys they do not know and cannot hate, who have much the same ideals.

Home, after seeing the boys off on the trains, to find a note from one of them—"Don't forget to send me at Nevada that package of cigarette makin's." And the evening paper presents Secretary Lansing's reply to Carranza's note, saying that our troops in Mexico will not withdraw until the extirpation of bandit raiders on our border is accomplished. Carranza's troops are said to be ready to attack our men. What a crazy maze this Mexican business is!

Here is Carranza ready to fight the United States, and but for the United States this same Carranza would not be where he is. We used our power to drive from power Victoriano Huerta, duly elected President of Mexico, because he killed Francisco Madero against whom he led a revolt. We backed Pancho Villa for a while, but he could not achieve the extent of control entitling him, in President Wilson's judgment, to recognition. Then we gave Carranza a qualified recognition which weakened Villa, who, in revenge, led a raid into Texas and murdered our citizens and some soldiers. We pursued him into Mexico, with the practical consent of Carranza, who admitted he could not capture and punish the bandit. Carranza now says we must vamoose the Mexican terrain, because we are invaders, because we override Mexican sovereignty. We were pursuing Carranza's foe, we were strengthening

Carranza's hands, establishing his authority. He says we are the enemies of Mexico. He is become our enemy who were his friends. Villa is uncaught. He made his murderous raid in order to force us to exactly the action we have taken, that it might raise up all Mexico against us, for him. Carranza would profit by the situation created by Villa. Pancho led the gringos into Mexico. Carranza would drive us out as oppressors. Carranza would play the patriot by making war with us who made him First Chief and who set out to punish his enemy who raided our territory. Carranza cannot capture or crush Villa, will not let us do it on sufficient provocation, hopes to unite all Mexico under himself against us. Carranza is no soldier; he is but a scurvy politician. He invites foreign war to help him end domestic revolution. He is guiltless of gratitude as he is of genius. It is because of him our boys are called to possible war. And he invites disaster to his country.

I have always thought Huerta should have been recognized, for, as elected President, he had all the requisites to recognition according to international law, and if he did murder Madero under the *ley de fuga*, it was only in accord with the savage custom of the country. When we sent our ships to Vera Cruz to compel a salute to our flag, which was never given, we should have followed through to Mexico and deposed him and set up a provisional government. But we did not. We backed out and away. We dallied in a half-hearted support of Villa and then, withdrawing from him, supported Carranza. We let the Mexicans play their own game, with just enough interference to make enemies of all factions, and the worst enemy of all, the man for whom we had done most. We paid Carranza all due deference before pursuing Villa. He interposed no real objections to our punitive expedition, but implied co-operation. Now he talks of driving our troops from the country. In a war Carranza will be defeated and after the war he will be destroyed, not by us but by the Mexicans.

Our administrative idealism is made quixotically absurd by the practicality of the Aztec-Iberian. We have tried to keep out of Mexico and yet help Mexicans establish law and order. Our reward is that not only Mexico hates us, but most of Latin America as well. With all our good intent, if bad method, we are brought into conflict we have sought to avoid. In trying not to intervene in Mexican affairs we are led into a trap. Carranza proclaims us the enemy of Mexico, not for Mexico's sake, but for the sake of his own fortunes. His treachery to us is as vile as was Huerta's to Madero. We made him and now he would assassinate us from ambush. So—

It is my opinion that Carranza, Villa, Obregon and all the politicians and generals of Mexico, indeed all the Mexicans who play the politics of revolution are not worth one of those boys who answered the President's call on Monday and marched to camp Tuesday evening. The Mexican masses are negligible. Seemingly, they don't care because they don't know. They are dumb and helpless. It is doubtful if we can help them, if we can set up any government that will better their condition under the 30,000 oligarchs, politicians, concessionaires, landlords who conduct the Mexican mock-republic. If we "take" Mexico, we take something that will curse us and corrupt us and weaken us. We shall intensify Latin American hatred of us.

How many of the dear boys who have rallied to the flag shall we sacrifice to "get" Villa, to discipline Carranza, to set up in authority some other oligarch who will have the phrases of liberty on his lips and only contempt in his heart for the poor peons, *adscripti glebae*, for whom revolutions never go forward? If we go to war we shall kill more of the peons for whom we shall be fighting, than we shall kill of their oppressors, and lose infinitely more valuable lives of our own young Americans. "Cleaning up" Mexico will not be worth what the process will cost the United States. It does seem better that we shall let the Mexicans "clean up" and "clean out" themselves. The lives a war with Mexico may cost us, would be of infinitely more worth in the peaceful political and social and economic cleaning up of the United States. And yet . . .

There is honor. The world and we ourselves are not prepared to take Sir John Falstaff's view of honor:

Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word, honor? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Distraction will not suffer it;—therefore I'll none of it: honor is a mere scutcheon, . . .

The United States cannot submit to be tricked, flouted, defied. As a nation it must compel respect or cease to be a nation. Shall it turn tail before Carranza? Shall it leave Mexico to its saturnalia of slaughter? Shall it do nothing whatever to help civilization beyond the Rio Grande? Shall it abandon the supine Mexican people to the slave driving aristocracy? Shall it do nothing to punish a brigand for killing its own citizens? Shall it simply look on at the grinding of a murder mill at its door? Shall the United States not try to do for Mexico what it has done for Cuba?

The pacifists, the non-interventionists say that we shall let our peace be disturbed without even a protest, that we shall let our dead lie unavenged. Most sane people know that whatever our mistakes may have been in dealing with Mexico, we have not infringed Mexican liberty, we have not set aside Mexican sovereignty, we have not violated Mexican integrity. We have tried to point her the way to peace. In pursuing Villa we have acted according to treaty stipulations concerning the dealing with raiders across the border. Probably we should have recognized Huerta the elected President, no matter what we thought of Huerta the murderer. Probably we were, as to him, too moral for international law, too bright and good for human nature's daily food; but 'twas a failing leaned to virtue's side.

The President has called upon us to stand by him on the record as written. The feet of the young men in khaki rush to him and we hear their flick-flack on the city streets, which may be for many of them the way of dusty death. War is mighty close to us. There are worse things than war, to those who do not believe that honor is "insensible to the dead" and "will not live with the living."

There is something better than life in dying, if need be, that a nation and its ideals may live and influence the world for better things. The young men go out to war as to a festival or frolic and the old-

sters shake their heads and grieve, but there is little good the world has that was not won by war and much that may be kept only by readiness to battle for its retention. But one would rest better these nights if one did not hear in dreams the flick-flack of the feet of the lads of his own home town on the roads that lead only too probably to "the bivouac of the dead." And if the boys must go to war, would they were better prepared.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

It's to be a Man's Race

CANDIDATES are the issue in this campaign, not platforms. Barring, of course, what Col. Roosevelt may inject if he gets into the scrimmage. That he will get in and on the side of Hughes is a moral certainty. The public has not got a line on Hughes as yet. He appears to be a man of direct strength and consistency, his own man and no one's creature. He has no record of wobbling. Mr. Wilson has wobbled, on the tariff, on preparedness and so forth, but he has shifted ground in order to get things done. But, as Mr. Victor S. Yarros says in an article in this issue, the hope of those who have faith in the general democratic theory is in Wilson. As for the idea that Wilson will lose the so-called German-American vote, it should not worry Democrats overmuch. The vast majority of German-American voters is Republican anyhow. It is no time to get excited over the probability that the Dutch will capture Holland. The excitement over Mexico will not much affect the election. No one expects that the election of Mr. Hughes would change our policy. No one fears that President Wilson will scuttle after going so far as he has gone. As to our foreign relations, the fact is that both the Republican and Democratic parties are for peace, and preparedness is largely a play to the galleries. Most effective of the slogans, indeed, the only slogan of the campaign, as I judge, is, "Wilson has kept us out of war." Until we know more of Hughes we must think that Wilson is the probable winner. His record is attacked but not discredited. The point of Democratic weakness is this, that in 1912 there were more votes for Taft and Roosevelt together than for Wilson, and this year the Republicans and Progressives will not split. Against that stand peace kept for two years, prosperity in evidence everywhere, and, if we have war with Mexico, the tendency to stand by the Administration. But the final question will be with the voters: "Is Hughes or Wilson the man in whom it is safer to trust?" I confess that there are no indications thus far that Hughes is anything but a man of firm will, sound character and broadly comprehensive intelligence.

♦♦

The Trouble at Culebra Cut

THAT the United States Government geologists and engineers are working on the wrong theory in their efforts to make the Panama Canal navigable permanently, uninterrupted, and that they cannot, therefore, succeed, is asserted by former Senator Thomas Kearns of Utah in an unofficial report which he has just made following a visit to the canal in company with his own engineer, at the request of a government official. Mr. Kearns was a member of the Senate at the time of the canal purchase, had a deep interest in it and has watched it closely ever since. The United States Government in its efforts to clear the canal and prevent further slides in the Culebra or

Gaillard cut, proceeds on the theory that beneath the rock through which the canal is cut there is a substratum of mud and soft earth; that the weight of the rock and earth on either side of the canal, pressing on this soft mud, causes it to ooze into the canal. The official remedy for this is to reduce the weight on top of the mud by cutting down the banks on either side to almost water level until an "angle of repose" is reached. Mr. Kearns' theory is that the trouble is caused by the eruption of subterranean gases from below forcing the earth up from the bottom of the canal, that the more earth there is removed from the canal the less resistance there will be to this gas pressure, and that no sooner will the present 8,000,000 cubic yards have been removed than the canal will fill up again! The initial mistake in building the canal, he thinks, was a failure to determine the exact character of the soil or rock beneath the channel to a depth of not less than 500 feet, and he recommends that that should now be done. He says that to a practical geologist there is plainly visible a great break in the formation at the place of the greatest disturbance, crossing the canal at almost right angles. This break should be carefully tested and followed and absolutely located at its source, which may be five or six miles away, and there relieved of its constantly accumulating gas pressure, which is now forcing its way and carrying with it great quantities of eruptive material to the point of least resistance—Culebra or Gaillard cut. When this is done the slides will cease. Inasmuch as Mr. Kearns is a well known mining expert and operator and his present conclusions are based on investigation and experiments made by himself and his mining engineer, the results of which parallel like difficulties encountered and overcome in the operation of the Kearns mines—his contention and recommendations should receive consideration from officials in charge of the canal work.

♦♦

Suffrage

NEITHER party's suffrage plank means very much more than an advertisement of the cause. Suffrage cannot be made a leading issue. The woman vote in the suffrage states cannot be swung for one party or another. The suffragists can do little more than seize the occasion to extend their campaign of education and emphasize the recognition of the cause by all parties. The masses of the voters are thinking of other things than suffrage. Until they get to thinking more about suffrage the masses will not insist upon it. A Democratic house could help the cause some by passing the Senate's suffrage resolution for a constitutional amendment, but it probably will not.

♦♦

It might not be a bad thing if Col. Theodore Roosevelt could be made United States Senator from New York—except for effete senatorial courtesy and the secrecy of proceedings in executive session.

♦♦

Some Local Gifts

A MAN in Chicago recently left \$500,000 for musical education. Two men in St. Louis have given equal parts of \$350,000 for medical education to Washington University and this means that \$1,000,000 will be forthcoming shortly from the purse of Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Ben Blewett, superintendent of schools of St. Louis, has given \$50,000 to a fund to take care of superannuated teachers or those incapacitated after long service, as a memorial of his father and mother. Mr. Blewett's,

though the smallest, is the most splendid gift, for it is the gift of a man who is, as compared with others, poor. Messrs. Mallinckrodt and Milliken, who have given liberally to the Washington University Medical School, are not here the subject of odious comparison. They have other gifts from their copious store in contemplation. Some St. Louisans should do for music what the late Mr. Bryan Lathrop did in Chicago, and some other St. Louisans or St. Louisans should make a donation to the St. Louis University Medical School to get it properly started and prepared to use the millions of the late James Campbell when they shall become available under the terms of his will. There has been little glorious giving in St. Louis, as compared with other cities. There are many men of money here but their minds have not run in the direction of benevolent bequests to education. The late Adolphus Busch and the late Samuel Cupples were exceptions to the rule, and Col. James G. Butler, happily still with us, has paralleled their excellent beneficences. Why is it that so many men for whom St. Louis has done so much, have done and are doing so little for the honor, the glory, the ethic and aesthetic upbuilding of St. Louis?

♦♦

Drys' Dirty Work

PROHIBITIONISTS are intending to force their policy on Missouri through statutory enactment not subject to popular referendum. In view of what the people did to Prohibition when it was submitted to the popular vote, the attempt to put it over as a statute, with a public health and safety clause to prevent its submission to the voters, is a vile and despicable trick to impose a minority policy upon an overwhelming majority. Anything more undemocratic, more politically unmoral than this purpose of the "unco quid" cannot be imagined. Missouri has said it doesn't want Prohibition, though it does want local option. There are many excellent reasons why Col. Fred Gardner should be made Governor of this State, but none better than his courage in coming out against the proposal for salutary prohibition in defiance of an overwhelming popular vote against it. Col. Gardner is a democrat and he is not afraid of the well-financed fanatics of the dry movement. Give him the support of a liberal Legislature when he shall have been elected.

♦♦

About Two Artists

ST. LOUIS is an odd town. I am moved to this remark by the evidence of a singular lack of appreciation on the part of our musical and dramatic critics of the gifts of such an artist as Miss Anne Bussert, of the Park Opera Company. For some weeks now she has been here giving us a demonstration in the art of sheer singing that should have evoked raptures. Her voice is of marvelous clarity and range. Her mastery of it is that of one who will do anything with it except turn it to mere trickery and the artifices which make for vulgarity of appeal. Hers is a cultured singing, though not sophisticated to the point of extreme vocalistic preciosity. With this bird-like gift there goes no small talent in mimetics, and here again the quality conspicuous is that of refinement. Miss Bussert is not priggish in either the exercise or the estimation of her talents, but as charmingly simple, unaffected and human as she is pretty. More meretricious performers in acting and singing have been egregiously praised by our critics, but they cannot see or hear Miss Bussert though they must know that the more artistic elements in the Park audiences have found in her a well-spring of unalloyed delight. And while I am on the subject of the Park Opera Company, I

cannot withhold a few words of appreciation of the personality and the artistry of Miss Sarah Edwards. I think she is as variously comedic as, let us say, Miss May Robson. She has humor in the way most women have not, and when she portrays *abandon*, she does so with a sure control of any tendency to excess. She can be grotesque without carrying it too far and she can be smart and sharp without suggestive salacity. Moreover, there is a sympathetic quality in her singing voice that reaches the auditor with sureness. Miss Edwards is never so unfortunate as to push her comedy to the point of militating against the popular reverence for the feminine. Herself and her work should long since have had heartier approval than they have yet received at the hands of the local critics. Indeed, it is painful to observe that the Park opera organization as a whole has had less appreciation in the public prints than has been too frequently lavished on itinerant troupes no more to be compared with it than geese with swans.

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Spending the Mill Tax

'Tis a great pity that the \$1,800,000 mill tax paid to the city of St. Louis by the United Railways cannot be devoted to the rehabilitation of the blighted district in the very heart of the town. It cannot be done, however, for it would only be an expenditure for the benefit of the city's landlords, who would then make the people pay higher rents. There is another lump sum of \$1,500,000 coming to the city from the street railway company. The total of more than \$3,000,000 should not be frittered away in piecemeal improvements or in making up deficiencies in different current funds. It is a wise thought of the *Post-Dispatch* that the money should be expended in securing adequate terminals for the new municipal bridge, if we are ever going to complete that structure. In any event, the city should not expend the \$3,000,000 in drabs and drabs. Why, the \$3,000,000 would go a long way towards constructing the parkway or plaza we were discussing and defeating some time ago. Conserve the money for effective use to some big end.

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Martin H. Glynn

THE one big reputation that emerges from the political conventions this year is that of Martin H. Glynn, ex-Governor of New York. His keynote speech at the Democratic gathering here was an utterance at once eloquent, comprehensive and convincing. It summarizes all American history to prove the Americanism of the Wilsonian policies and it makes the dry bones of diplomatic and administrative record live. It is the complete gospel of peace, prosperity and preparedness, a composite picture of all our past neutralities. For propaganda it is more convincing than the party platform. And for style it is better even than the Paterian pedestrianism of phraseology for which Woodrow Wilson is distinguished. Ex-Governor Glynn's keynote is an example of noble, strong, graceful oratory decorating clearness and conciseness of thought. And there's no jingoism or race-proscription or any form of political bigotry in it from beginning to end. Hats off to Martin Glynn, editor, orator, statesman!

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To Avert a Strike

ABOUT as disgraceful a thing as could happen in the United States, I think, would be the culmination of the negotiations between the railroads and their employes over wages and time in a monster strike. Society should be able to avert a calamity of which it has had such ample warning. There must be somewhere in this body politic a genius for the so-

lution of such a difficulty without letting it reach a stage of exasperation resulting in social war. The trainmen tell us they will not arbitrate if they do not get all they demand. The railroad managers say they cannot grant the main demands. In effect this means that neither side cares for anything but its own interest and prestige. There is a public interest involved—an interest greater even than that of the parties in chief. The general public's interest is paramount. Surely in this great country there must be some way to make that interest effective decisively. And the public interest cannot will to do this if it does not ignore the exaggerations of the extent of the labor account of the roads as compared with the graft account. The roads are paying more on watered stock than they are for labor. And wages must not be estimated as against wages in past times, but against the cost of living, and more especially increased rents to-day. The railway troubles must be settled without a strike. Yes, even if the government must run the railways. Such action at the worst would be better than a country-wide civil war.

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The Jewish Vote

ANOTHER foolish campaign prognostication is this: All the Jews are going to vote for Woodrow Wilson because he appointed a Jew, Louis D. Brandeis, to the Supreme Court. It is notorious that Jews do not vote especially for Jews in our elections. Indeed, there are those who say that Jews take an especial pride in scratching Jews on their own party tickets. In any election in which a Jew is a candidate you will generally find that the hardest hustlers for him are men with Irish names. In politics no people in this country are less clanish than the Jews. There is not any Jewish vote, as such. Not even in New York City, where Jews are one-fifth of the population.

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A New Supreme Justice

EVERY large community and many small ones have eligibles to present for the President's consideration when he comes to the appointment of a successor to Justice Hughes. It is safe to say that the nominee will be some lawyer, or better still, some judge who is not as progressive as Justice Brandeis. Moreover, it is likely that the executive's choice will fall upon some man whose antecedents and associations are such as will give the lie to the theory that the President has any prejudices against any of the racial elements composing this country's citizenship, or any doubt of the loyalty of such elements. Probably the President will nominate a Democrat. And probably he will not select one from the Department of Justice who upon his elevation would be debarred from action upon cases to which he was a party in the prosecution of present duties, for that would hamper the court, already considerably behind in its work. There has been a cessation of suggestion that Mr. Taft be nominated. From a Democratic standpoint Mr. Taft, while an honorable, affable, able gentleman, is too far out of touch with the *Zeitgeist*. The nomination cannot be made too soon, and it should not be too political when it is made.

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A Late Peace Rumor

HERE is the latest news of peace from Europe. The Allies are not disinclined to consider peace. But England will not do so until she has had her turn at a drive on the Western line, and Russia will consider peace only after she has carried out the drive now in progress. If they fail, they will listen to terms. If they make a good showing they will be disposed

to let leak out some proposals of terms. England and Russia feel they have had no chance to display themselves and their power in the war, because until now they have never been truly prepared for a grand offensive. This is not a very heroic attitude of the Lion or the Bear, but it is not an improbable attitude. If it indicates anything, it indicates that the Allies have not much hope of starving Germany or wearing her down by attrition. It shows a realization that Germany is to be conquered, if at all, only by an assault powerful enough to break her lines or drive them back to her own territory. And the story of the holding of Verdun by the French does not encourage hope that the German entrenchments are to be taken and broken by any great offensive.

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The Spectric School of Poetry

By Anne Knish and Emanuel Morgan

THE Vorticist School of poetry died an ignominious death in London, snuffed out by the explosion of the war. This was no great loss, because the experiments of this school, though interesting, were actuated by a wrong theory of poetic expression. These writers underestimated the amount of clarity which even the most daring poetic sketches must have; as a result, their works hardly resembled human speech.

The Spectric School has tried to avoid this pitfall which menaces all really original poets. Even in its most novel efforts at advancing the frontier of the known world of poetry, it has retained a measurable degree of communication with the world of every-day speech. It has done this in spite of the fact that it was engaged in working out a theory that might easily have led to excesses of abstraction.

The theory of the Spectric School is not difficult to grasp if one comes to it with an open mind. Its formula divides itself naturally into two propositions, alike in essence but different in application.

The first of these propositions affects the mental attitude of the poet in so far as he is a perceiver of objects and a recipient of impressions; the second affects him in so far as he is the portrayer of objects and the creator of expressions. We may take them up separately.

Every object, scene, person, and episode of the human world is to be regarded by the Spectric poet as a concrete focus of infinities. The subject of every Spectric poem has the function of a prism, upon which falls the white light of universal and immeasurable possible experience; and this flood of colorless and infinite light, passing through the particular limitations of the concrete episode before us, is broken up, refracted and diffused into a variety of many-colored rays. Some one of these rays will impress the poet more than others; and he will necessarily color his whole poem with its hue. But in so doing—and no amount of care can enable him to do otherwise—he must, if he is to create a fine work, have regard for the fragmentary nature of his perception, and allow his creative imagination to indicate some relation between his limited and single-colored vision and the great stream of pure light from which the vision originally was separated. As is said in the preface to the forthcoming book "Spectra," by Emanuel Morgan, the discoverer of the theory, and Anne Knish, "the theme of a poem is to be regarded as a prism, upon which the colorless white light of experience falls and is broken up into glowing, beautiful, and intelligible hues." This preface omits to point out the fact that the poet must by means of his reconstructive vision bring to the reader some hint of the original light in all its completeness. Spectrists, however, are putting this extension of the theory into effect.

The second proposition of the Spectric School relates to the method of expression; and involves

some consideration of the psychological processes by which the mind forms images of the outside world. The senses, and the mind behind them, act to a certain extent as a prism in relation to the emanations of the physical world. Vibrations of sound, color, or heat impact upon the sensory nerves, are conveyed in the form of a totally different kind of vibration to the brain, and there become once more transformed into some variety of emotion or motor impulse. Thus a flower, when it reaches the conscious intelligence *via* this devious channel, is no longer the flower of the outer world; it is the plexus of a number of different impressions. Just as a beam of white light breaks up in passing through a prism, and becomes a spectrum, so the entity of the flower is dismembered when it enters the consciousness. We perceive the color, the qualities of its form in space, the scent of the pollen and the stem, its coolness and smoothness and softness to the touch, its faint rustle as the wind stirs it. Out of these elements the mind, behind the prism of the senses, must recombine by another act of the intelligence the parted rays, in order that it may grasp the unity, the white light, the Platonic Idea of the original flower.

In art, particularly in poetry, it is a great gain to be clearly aware of these facts, and to take conscious advantage of them. This is the aim of the Spectrist. He tries, not to give the flower in its original unity, which is impossible, but to make perceptible the various rays, the various elements, out of which the perceiving mind would have, in the case of an actual first-hand perception, to create its idea of the flower. Or, to choose a more complex example, if he wishes to describe a landscape, he will not attempt a map, but will put down those winged emotions, those fantastic analogies, which the real scene awakens in his own mind. In practice this will be found to be the vividest of all modes of communication, as the touch of hands quickens a mere exchange of names.

The Imagists, suicidally advertised by a concerted reciprocal chorus of poet-reviewers, might once have been capable of employing this very theory in a tentative way. The time is past, however, when Spectrists can hope for co-operation in this quarter; and the latest of the modern movements in poetry must be content to go its own way after the fashion of "the spear that knows no brother."

OPUS 181

BY ANNE KNISH

Skeptical cat,
Calm your eyes, and come to me.
For long ago, in some palméd forest,
I, too, felt claws crawling
Within my fingers. . . .
Moons wax and wane;
My eyes, too, once narrowed and widened.
Why do you shrink back?
Come to me: let me pat you—
Come, vast-eyed one. . . .
Or I will spring upon you
And with steel-hook fingers
Tear you limb from limb. . . .
There were twins in my cradle. . . .

OPUS 45

BY EMANUEL MORGAN

An angel, bringing incense, prays
Forever in that tree:
I go blind still when the locust sways
Those honey-domes for me.

All the fragrances of dew, O angel, are there;—
The myrrhic rapture of young hair,
The lips of lust;
And all the stench of dust;—
Even the palm and the fingers of a hand burnt
bare
With a curling sweet-smelling crust,
And the bitter staleness of old hair,
Powder on a withering bust.

The moon came through the window to our bed,
And the shadows of the locust-tree
On your sweet white body made of me,
Of my lips, a drunken bee.

O tree-like Spring, O blossoming days,
I, who some day shall be dead,
Shall have ever a lover to sway with me.
For when my face decays
And the earth molds in my nostrils, shall there
not be
The breath therein of a locust-tree,
The seed, the shoot of a locust-tree,
The honey-domes of a locust-tree?—
Until lovers go blind and sway with me—

O tree-like Spring, O blossomy days,
To sway as long as the locust sways!

From *The Forum* for June.

Prayers

By Margretta Scott

IN the dim-lit chapel
The prayers from the crowded hearts of men
Jostled each other towards God.
And there were those that bartered
Like old women in the market-place;
And those that whimpered
Like beaten dogs before the whip;
And there were little, formless prayers
As wistful as a lonely child.

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The Issues of 1916

By Victor S. Yarros

THERE is always buncombe in party platforms. This year's platforms, however, contain less buncombe than usual. They are evasive with reference to certain vital issues, but they are rather unusually quiet and honest.

What are the issues of 1916? Issues, of course, are born of events and facts. Manufactured issues fall flat. Premature issues are really not issues in the proper sense of the term. Socialism, the Single Tax, Free Trade, are questions, but they are not political issues. Prohibition is an issue, and so is, in most states, equal suffrage. But these are not among the issues of the national campaign that is now in progress. The two great parties—the Progressive party being only a memory—have platforms and records that enable the independent and scientific bystander to determine the issues of this year and the conduct that the actual alignment enjoins upon him.

Preparedness is not an issue. The Republicans deemed discretion the better part of valor and refrained from putting a plank for universal military service into their platform. The Democratic party and Wilson are for preparedness, and the difference between their programme and that of the Republican platform is totally insufficient to raise a real issue. There will be all manner of insinuations, charges, etc., but the Republicans are too shrewd to declare themselves militaristic. They know that the great West is not with them on preparedness, and they will sing small. The Democrats, from the President down, will insist that they are offering just the right kind and amount of preparedness, and the average citizen will be disposed to believe them.

"Americanism" is not an issue. It is a faked issue, shallow, silly and dishonest. No party has a monopoly of patriotism. No party has a patent on the brand American. There are all sorts and conditions of Americans. There are sane Americans, insane Americans, honest Americans, rascally Americans, stupid Americans, keen and intelligent Americans, sincere Americans, demagogical Americans, and so on. He who claims that he is the only true and genuine American writes himself down a fool or quack. The same is true of a party. Hughes will hardly challenge Wilson's Americanism.

The European war is not an issue in our campaign. Hughes will not attack Wilson's position on the *Lusitania* or submarine question, or on the question of an embargo on arms, or on the question of our neutrality. The Republican platform does not venture to raise any issue of this kind.

What, then, are the voters to pass on next November? What are the issues before them?

There are only two major issues. The first is Mexico. The Republican platform is vague even on this question, but there is little doubt as to its meaning. It accuses Wilson of intervention at the wrong time, and for the wrong reason, on the one hand, and of weakness, timidity, failure to act vigorously and promptly at the right time and for the right reason, on the other hand. In other words, the Republicans would have recognized Huerta, and, if he had failed to restore order, would subsequently

have invaded and occupied Mexico with or without his consent. If they do not mean this, they mean nothing. Leading Republicans—Borah, Sherman, Mann—have long since declared themselves interventionists, even at the risk of war with Mexico and of eventual annexation of all, or parts, of that "republic."

Now, Hughes has adopted the Republican plank on Mexico. He has already repeated and indorsed its charges against Wilson. Would he have done more than Wilson has done in Mexico? Would he have ignored or defied Carranza and courted armed conflict? Is Wilson weak and infirm because he has been patient and sincere in his opposition to premature intervention and aggressive war, with annexation as the inevitable sequel? Have the majority of the American people wanted war with Mexico? Or have they been with Wilson in his reluctance to act "vigorously," in his humoring of Carranza, in his manifest determination to stop short and stick as long as possible to the *irreducible minimum* of intervention? Here is a real and honest issue. Politicians will seek to befog it, and to indulge in general denunciation; but Hughes, it is to be hoped, will meet it openly and honestly. If he doesn't, he is not the man many of us think he is.

The second major issue is the tariff. The Republican platform, as well as the Hughes statement, demands the repeal of the present tariff act and the passing of a more protective law. "Big business" is talking of higher protection, of the terrible dumping that may follow the return of peace, the price cutting by Germany, the fierce rivalry in neutral markets, etc. Most manufacturers are for Hughes because they are for a higher tariff.

The Democrats, on the other hand, in spite of their anti-dumping clause and their espousal of the tariff commission plan, remain the low-tariff party. The re-election of Wilson will mean the failure of the campaign to revise the tariff upward in any essential feature. The Underwood law is not radical; it is a very mild dose of tariff reform. Republican and protectionist papers freely admitted this at the time of its passage. The attacks on the present tariff are really attacks on the slightest mitigation of protectionism, the slightest forward-looking move. The Hughes and Republican attitude is reactionary; the Wilson position is moderately progressive.

Here, then, is another actual and honest issue. There is no doubt that votes will be cast with reference to this issue. A vote for Hughes will be a vote for higher protection, for privilege, for plunder. A vote for Wilson will be a vote for the policy of slow and moderate tariff revision downward.

The Philippine policy, the shipping bill, the civil service record of the administration, are among the minor issues. They will cut little figure. How few really care about the Philippines and our future relations to them! How few are really influenced by moral or high political considerations in disposing of the Philippines! There will be some clap-trap against the hauling down of the flag in the remote archipelago, but it will change few votes. The average man knows little and cares less about the islands. The administration's record in the matter of appointments is not brilliant, but can we stop to think of a few unfit appointments, a few sops to machine politicians, at a time like this?

It should be recognized, however, that a vague distrust of Democrats and "doctrinaires" will be a factor of consequence in the campaign. The Republicans claim to be the party of culture, wealth, practical ability and constructive statesmanship. Many of the independents and neutrals appear to concede this claim. This sentiment, in a crisis, is certain to play a considerable part in shaping the course of events. On the other hand, the Democrats will claim credit for the prosperity of the country—for the full dinner pail, the high wages, the disappearance of unemployment—and for the truly great diplomatic victories scored by the "note-writing" Wilson in his controversies with Germany—victories which did

not cost the nation an extra dollar or the life or blood of a single soldier or sailor. These will be very effective cries or pleas, no matter how much the vociferous Hughes campaigners may say about the war as the real cause of our temporary and factitious prosperity. Republican cant and humbug about past prosperity will come home to plague them in this campaign. Why should any voter "take a chance?" Prosperity is here; why imperil it by turning the Democrats out? Did not prosperity come *while* they were in power? Cause and effect? How many even of the half-educated mistake co-existence for causal relation?

What should radicals do this year? Wilson has undoubtedly shifted his position more than once in the sphere which deeply concerns the radicals—the free traders, the anti-imperialists, the pacifists, etc. He has been far more opportunist and "practical" than they had expected. He has not, perhaps, deliberately played politics, but he has not been the firm, consistent, resolute, "single-track" man the radicals had believed him to be. Still, have the radicals any real alternative? Hughes, with all his virtues, is a Protectionist and imperialist Republican. He has accepted the Republican platform. He has assailed Wilson for his good rather than for his poor traits and qualities. To elect Hughes is to put the party of privilege, of militarist and plutocratic tendencies, in power. It is to vote as the gamblers, plutocrats, speculators, exploiters, subsidy-seekers, and franchise grabbers will vote—as a rule, at any rate—and as they would have the dear people vote. We hear that Wall Street, which was "crazy about Roosevelt" only a few weeks ago, is now enthusiastic for Hughes. For this there is a reason. Wall Street and the big business monopolists assuredly are not for Hughes because he stood for clean government, opposed bossism, fought insurance graft, abolished race track gambling, demanded regulation of public utilities. Wall Street does not love reformers and muck-rakers. Wall Street is for Hughes because it is for Republican protectionism, subsidies, dollar diplomacy, militarism, contracts and excitement. It thinks Hughes a good enough Republican to be far less objectionable than the very moderate progressive and Democrat, Wilson. Democracy has its reactionaries, its spoilsmen, humbugs, ranters, cheap politicians, trimmers. But the party is in the main a progressive party, a popular party. It looks forward. Its great leaders have always fought privilege and always will fight it. Radicals, therefore, must wish the Democrats success and must support Wilson.

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Facts About Patience Worth

By Casper S. Yost

PROF. J. H. HYSLOP'S criticism of the book on Patience Worth, in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, is neither fair nor truthful. It is singularly lacking in the calm dispassionateness and the scrupulous exactitude of science. It makes charges without investigation and presents allegations that are disproved by the book itself. It is from beginning to end a tirade of abuse, unworthy of a scientist, unworthy of the cause which he represents. The book of Patience Worth is an honest effort to lay certain established and indisputable facts before the world for its judgment. It was, and is, the opinion of its compiler that here is a rare and beautiful and exceedingly wonderful thing that it would be nothing less than a crime to hide from the public. Its reception by the public has fully justified that opinion. The tributes of praise from the literary critics of the country, speaking through the newspapers and the leading magazines, have been almost unprecedented in their number, and their warmth. By no one has the genuineness of the phenomena been questioned. Even Professor Hyslop does not question it. "In fact," says Lawrence Gilman, in the *North American Review*, "the transparent and palpable genuineness of the entire case, in all its

aspects, is the chief impression you bear away with you from an unbiased study of it." If such is the impression made upon hard-headed and, perhaps, inherently skeptical critics, there must be good and sufficient reason for it. There is. It is, in the first place, a fair, frank and straightforward presentation of facts, without conscious concealment of anything essential, and in the second, and far the larger, place, the literature of Patience Worth compels respect. Against this background of acceptance and admiration appears the single figure of Prof. James H. Hyslop.

Upon what ground does he attack? He does not charge, he does not insinuate, that the statements made in the book are untrue. He concedes the extraordinary quality of the literature. What then is wrong with the book? In answer I shall use his own words, and present the facts as I know them.

"It is all good literature," he says, "and deserves reading on that account alone. But the author and publisher do not invite attention to it on that score. They seek to emphasize it as a psychic mystery. The ground on which they try to excite our interest is not its excellence as literature, but on the ground that the phenomena are ordinarily inexplicable."

The answer to this charge is in the book itself, open to every reader. In the preface to this work—and I wish to say here that I alone am responsible for the matter and the manner of its presentation—I said: "The sole purpose of this narrative is to give the visible truth, the physical evidence, so to speak, the things that can be seen and that are therefore susceptible of proof by ocular demonstration. In this category are the instruments of communication and the communications themselves." In an honest publication of the facts two things had to be told: What had come, and how it had come. If the literature had been presented without an explanation of the circumstances of its production it would have been a deception justifying hard words. A mystery was indissolubly connected with it. It had to be presented. But—and here is where Professor Hyslop's charge is unjust and untruthful—it was not magnified. On the contrary, it was minimized. Only a few pages were devoted to this phase of it. Fully ninety per cent of the book is given to the presentation and discussion of the literature, as every reader of it knows. "There is nothing extraordinary in the manner of its coming," I said in the book. "The publications of the Society for Psychical Research are filled with examples of communications received in the same or a similar way. The fact that makes this phenomenon stand out, that altogether isolates it from everything else of an occult nature, is the character and quality of the literature."

"The manner in which the author speaks of the book as coming over the ouija board," says Prof. Hyslop, "would imply to many readers that the mystery of its contents was based on the board."

In response to this I again quote from the book: "The ouija board has been in use for many years. There is no element of novelty in the mere fact that curious and puzzling messages are received by means of it. I emphasize this fact because I wish to place the board in its proper relation to the communications from the intelligence calling herself Patience Worth. Aside from the psychical problem involved—and which, so far as the board is concerned, is the same in this case as in many others—the ouija board has no more significance than a pen or a pencil in hand. It is merely an instrument for the transmission of thought in words. * * * It is a factor of little significance." And after the first few pages it is virtually dismissed from the book. In this, Prof. Hyslop again is unfair and untruthful. There are other statements in this review that are equally intemperate and equally unjustified, but I think I have presented enough to show the general tenor of the article, which is brought to a climax, so to speak, with the two charges of "concealment" on which he bases his chief accusation.

"Mrs. Curran," he says, "was long associated with

people living in the Ozarks and known to use an archaic style of language. Mrs. Curran told Dr. Prince many incidents of it. She lived there when she was young and receptive. Moreover, Mr. Curran has read Chaucer and talked over his style and language with his wife. Archaisms are constant enough in that author."

That there are archaisms in Chaucer cannot be denied. Even his most ardent admirers regretfully admit it. That Mrs. Curran lived for a time in the Ozarks is also true. That she was associated there with people speaking an archaic dialect is hardly correct. I was reared in the Ozark region. I am familiar with its language. It has about the same number of divergences from standard English as are to be found in rural New England, New York, Pennsylvania or Virginia. Whether these are sufficient to constitute a dialect is for philologists to determine. There are occasional archaisms in the Ozarks, as there are wherever more or less illiterate people of English ancestry may dwell, but to call it "an archaic style of language" is to apply the term to all colloquial speech. In other words, a residence in the Ozarks would no more account for Patience Worth's language than one in any rural region of the United States where English blood has long been dominant. It has its verbal and idiomatic peculiarities, to be sure, as all other such regions have, but I have not been able to discover a single instance of the use by Patience Worth of a word or idiom peculiar to the Ozarks. For these reasons I did not mention Mrs. Curran's residence of several years in Palmer, Jefferson County, Mo., which is about 75 miles from St. Louis. I did not think, and do not think, that residence a matter of the slightest consequence in this relation. I might say here, Mrs. Curran was born in Mound City, Illinois, lived for a time in Fort Worth, Texas, and studied music in Chicago. There are dialects in each of these places. Every one who lives in a city, any city, is in constant touch with people who use dialectal variations from the literary standard. The mistress of a home hears them from her servants. Mrs. Curran, I have no doubt, has been associated with many dialects in this way, some of them perhaps "archaic." She has, I believe, about the usual luck with servants.

As to Mr. Curran's knowledge of Chaucer, it was not mentioned in the book because it does not exist. He has never read Chaucer, either to himself or to Mrs. Curran. He recalls that the "Father of English Poetry" was mentioned somewhere in his high school course, and he has noticed occasional references to him since, with now and then a quotation, and there his acquaintance ends. Mrs. Curran's knowledge of Chaucer is less than Mr. Curran's, if that be possible. And, anyway, the language of Patience Worth bears not the slightest resemblance to that of Chaucer.

The "omission" of these two points is the burden of Professor Hyslop's complaints against the publisher, the author and the Currans. It is quite evident that he has collected, or been given, considerable misinformation about Patience Worth, and the persons associated with this personality. He has made no attempt to get the facts from first hands. He has not communicated with me at any time. He did write repeatedly to the Currans entreating them to put the matter in his charge. This they declined to do, for most excellent reasons. The entire correspondence upon this point is in Mr. Curran's possession and may make interesting reading at some future time, if circumstances justify it. But Professor Hyslop did not attempt to get any of the information upon which he now lays so much stress. All of the information of that nature that was to be had was at his disposal, but that was not what he wanted.

But, frankly, there was no desire on the part of the writer to make the book scientific. It was not written for scientists specifically, but for the general public. It was a presentation of the salient facts for the information of all who might be interested—an introduction to the study of Patience

Worth. The case is not closed. Patience Worth is continuing her work. There are other books to come. Meanwhile there is no disposition to withhold the minutiae of detail in which the scientists delight, but which the public abhors. Mrs. Curran will quite willingly tell the full story of her life to any reputable scientist who cares to inquire, but she quite properly refuses to lay her body and mind on the altar of science.

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Some Acts of Thos. Jefferson

By Perry S. Rader

In the presidential campaign of this year there will be the usual appeal to the Founders or the Fathers of the Nation; more particularly on the one hand, by Republicans, to Hamilton, on the other, by Democrats, to Jefferson. The Fourth of July approaches. It is the celebration of the adoption of Jefferson's master work. But Jefferson did more than write the Declaration, and of his other important public services Mr. Rader treats in the article, of which the present is the first installment. Mr. Rader is the Reporter of the Supreme Court of the State of Missouri, a lawyer and an author of important text books on American history as well as a writer on pioneer life. The Republicans dismiss Jefferson as a dreamer. Mr. Rader shows him as a practical constructive genius of high and far vision. A reading of this essay should put anyone in rapport with the true spirit of the commemoration of the Nation's Birthday eleven days hence.

A GAINST no other man powerfully instrumental in shaping the history of America has depreciating and discrediting criticism been so wickedly persistent as it has been towards Thomas Jefferson. The wrath of the enemies of democracy towards Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry, the two foremost men in setting the ball of the Revolution to rolling, long ago cooled, but it is as virulent in some parts of America to-day towards Thomas Jefferson, and has ever been, as it was in England in 1774, when his name was "enrolled in a bill of attainder commenced" in Parliament. It was Thomas Jefferson who stirred up Virginia to "stand in line with Massachusetts" when it was determined in England to coerce the people of the Bay colony to yield to the tax on tea; yet in every decade of the nineteenth century the leading historians and political writers of Massachusetts have made him the object of their unkindest attacks. To no man are the United States more indebted for the acquisition of the Northwest Territory than to Mr. Jefferson yet, it is a fact that many of the historical and political writers belonging to the States carved out of that territory have held him up to the view of their countrymen as if he were their enemy.

In the early history of our country no other man of great prominence was so persistent and intelligent an advocate of the emancipation of the negro slaves; yet with the colossal exception of John Fiske, the historians of America have studiously avoided giving him credit for any real part in projecting the movement which finally culminated in the Civil War.

I shall attempt to give no reason for this unfair treatment, often untrue, and always ungenerous, but shall content myself with setting forth some of the most important movements in American history with which Mr. Jefferson was prominently connected or for which he was almost wholly responsible.

Every student of the evolution of the government and the history of the American people must have often wondered how it was that, when the Revolutionary War came on, the American colonies so readily united in carrying on that war. We remember that they knew little of each other; that the means of intercommunication were so imperfect; that they were, in fact, far away from each other; and that they had been settled by people of variant religious beliefs and partisan affiliations. They

were bound together in the sense that all acknowledged allegiance to Great Britain, but in no other sense. We do not like to admit that the only political tie that bound them together was what the Declaration of Independence called "the political connection with Great Britain." But that is a fact. They had acquired title to the soil from the King of England, and the charters under which their governments had grown up were granted by him. Up to 1774, in the three principal colonies, Massachusetts, Virginia and New York, the Governors were appointed by the king; his councillors, who also constituted the upper house of the Legislature, were appointed by the Governor; and the lower house was elected by the people. The Governor had a veto on the laws passed by the Legislature, and the king and Parliament a still further negative. The executive departments of the colonial governments, therefore, were absolutely under the control of the king, and their legislative powers were largely dependent on him and Parliament. How, then, did thirteen Colonies, which, during all their hundred or hundred and fifty years' existence in America, had never had any political dealings with each other, and whose political training had always looked towards Great Britain and not to a united and centralized government here, so readily and so orderly unite themselves in a long war against the nation to which they had always acknowledged allegiance?

Virginia at that time was the largest in population and influence of all the colonies. Parliament made it known that England intended to force the colonies into submitting to being taxed for the benefit of the home government, in violation of the colony's charters, which were to them what the Constitution of the United States is at present to the States—the charter of their rights. In pursuance of that purpose, Parliament repealed the charter of Massachusetts and undertook to shut up the Boston port, and there followed the Boston "tea party." In the spring of 1773 a few of the members of the Virginia House of Burgesses, among them Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and Mr. Jefferson, met at a hotel in Williamsburg and determined to "stand in line with Massachusetts." They were all sensible of the fact that a war with the mother country was probably inevitable, and that if England were permitted to use force on each colony separately, the result would be the complete coercion of each colony in turn. They were, therefore, sensible of the fact, as Mr. Jefferson expressed it, that "the most urgent of all measures was that of coming to an understanding with all the other colonies, to consider the British claims as a common cause to all, and to produce a unity of action." How was that unity of action to be brought about? There were no telegraphs, there was no postal system, the newspapers could not be trusted or used. Mr. Jefferson proposed that they draw up a circular letter directed to the speakers of the various assemblies, which should set forth the attitude of Virginia and suggest plans for co-operation and ask for concurrent action on the part of the other assemblies, and for "a meeting of deputies from every colony, at some central place, who should be charged with the direction of the measures which should be taken by all." He, therefore, drew up the resolution, had his brother-in-law, Mr. Carr, present it to the House of Burgesses; it passed without amendment; a letter was drawn up by him, a copy made for each colony; they were signed by the Speaker, and by special expresses they were sent to the Speakers of the other assemblies. Those assemblies fell into line, and in reply thereto their speakers sent like letters to the speakers of the other assemblies, and by this means the representatives chosen by the people in each colony were secretly informed of what was going on in all the other colonies and kept informed during the early years of the war without their knowledge becoming known to the king's officers. In this way "unity of action" between all the colonies was brought about. In the first letters drafted by Mr. Jefferson on behalf of Virginia, a call was made for a convention

of delegates to meet in Philadelphia in September, 1774, to take concerted action for the common defense of the colonies. The other colonies acquiesced, and delegates were chosen in each, and each delegate was given instructions by the assemblies of their respective colonies, "carefully expressed," which set forth their duties and powers. On the part of Virginia they were drawn by Mr. Jefferson, and the salient features of his draft were incorporated in the instructions given by the other colonies to their delegates, and it was for drawing those instructions that Mr. Jefferson's name was "enrolled in a bill of attainder commenced in Parliament." Thus originated the Continental Congress, which at its session in 1775 chose George Washington commander of the Continental army, and thereafter took the management of the war. Thus we see that it was to Thomas Jefferson, more than to any other, that we owe the "unity of action" which consolidated all the colonies into a common fighting force against Great Britain. Without that "unity of action" the Revolutionary war could never have been won, and the methods suggested by him of bringing it about through the Committees of Correspondence and the Continental Congress were so simple and practicable that they alone would entitle him to a place high up on the list of constructive statesmen, had he never done anything else. All historians agree that "unity of action" had its origin in the "Committees of Correspondence," but the historians of Massachusetts and the North generally, have always claimed that the assembly of Massachusetts was responsible for originating the plan, and even John Marshall, in his "Life of Washington," falls into that error; but that Mr. Jefferson originated it I think can no longer be fairly doubted by any candid mind.

Within two years after the Revolution was begun colonial government was overthrown in Virginia, and State government substituted in its stead. Mr. Jefferson, knowing that kingly government had many "vicious points" totally out of harmony with a republic, entered the Virginia Legislature in October, 1776, and at once began to prepare and push for passage some of those important messages which have since become a part of the fundamental law of every State, and which must always be distinguishing features of a true republic. He was the author of the law abolishing entails. That law had long been in force in Virginia. In the early days of the colony large tracts of lands had been granted to certain provident persons, who, desiring to establish great families for themselves, settled them on their descendants in endless fee tail, so that none of such descendants could sell them or even give them away, but they were to be held by such descendants for their use during their lives, and after their death by their descendants in the same way. The transmission of property in this manner from generation to generation, raised up a distinct set of families, who, "thus being favored by the law in the perpetuation of their wealth," Mr. Jefferson says, "formed a Patrician order, distinguished by the splendor and luxury of their establishments" and "from this class the king habitually selected his councillors of state." "To annul this privilege, and instead of an aristocracy of wealth, of more harm and danger, than benefit, to society" and "to make an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and talent, which nature has wisely provided for the direction of the interests of society," Mr. Jefferson says, he framed and secured the passage of the law which abolished estates tail, and vested in the then holders a lifetime use of the lands, and in their descendants the titles absolutely—and that is, in effect, the law of our own State now, and of most States.

He also, in connection with that, framed and secured the passage of a law which abolished primogeniture—the law by which lands always descend solely to the oldest son, and not in equal parts to all of the owner's children. That law put an end to the right of primogeniture in America. Long ago all the older States made lands and other prop-

erty descend in equal parts to all the children of the owner, and the new States, as they have been organized, have done the same thing. But he did not secure an abolishment of the right of primogeniture without a struggle. George Pendleton, who he says was the ablest man in debate he ever knew and "one of the most virtuous and benevolent of men," wished to preserve the right of primogeniture, but seeing he could not prevail, proposed to substitute the Hebrew principle and "give a double portion to the elder son." To that proposition Mr. Jefferson replied that "if the eldest son could eat twice as much, or do double work, it might be a natural evidence of his right to a double portion; but being on a par in his powers and wants with his brothers and sisters, he should be on a par also in the partition of the patrimony," and that logic prevailed.

During the Colonial days all the people were taxed for the support of the established church. The colony was divided into parishes, in each of which was established a minister of the Anglican church, endowed with a fixed salary, a glebe house and land. To pay this fixed salary and to meet the other expenses of the church, all the people alike, whether members of that church, or of some other church or of no church, were taxed. Some Quakers early settled in Virginia. They paid their taxes without complaint, though they were often intolerantly treated. There were also Puritans, and towards the beginning of the Revolution, Presbyterians and Baptists and other dissenters began rapidly to multiply, but they were taxed for the support of the established church, though no taxes were permitted for the support of their churches. The old laws made criminal the maintenance of certain religious opinions, and during a great part of the colonial days no other church was permitted to hold services during the hours fixed for religious services in the established churches. It was this condition which induced Mr. Jefferson to bring forward his famous "statute for religious liberty." The battle was not easily won. In his old age he said the contests connected with it were the severest he had ever been engaged in, for while a majority of the people were dissenters "the majority of the legislature were churchmen." The matter was debated at every session from 1776 until 1779, and then the bill abolishing the establishment became a law. There can be no doubt that the immediate effect of that statute was injury to the cause of religion in Virginia. As a result of its enactment, and of the hatred that the war engendered against the Tories, many of whom were members of the establishment, the Episcopal Church in Virginia was prostrated for a generation, and much intolerant abuse towards churchmen was indulged in. But the principles of that statute afterwards became a part of the Constitution of the United States, and have passed into the Constitution of every State except two or three, and where is there a broad-minded man to-day who does not admit that on the whole it has become one of the most beneficent laws ever enacted by an enlightened government? Where is the man who would not desire, as Mr. Jefferson desired, to be remembered as the "author of the statute for religious liberty in Virginia?" Why not say "the author of the statute of religious liberty in America?" That would possibly be over-enthusiastic, yet it would not wholly be without the support of reason and fact, for it must be remembered that during most of the colonial days only members of the Puritan or Congregational Church were permitted to vote in Massachusetts, and the "blue laws" of Connecticut have become proverbial.

It was early seen in that first real session of the Virginia legislature under the new order of things, that the whole Code of laws would have to be recast. The Legislature committed this task to Thomas Jefferson, George Pendleton and George Wythe, and they divided the work equally among themselves, and for two whole years gave themselves intelligently to it. To Jefferson fell the task of recasting the criminal code. It is difficult for us to believe how barbarous were the criminal laws of America at

that time. Capital punishment could be inflicted for more than twenty different offenses. Such a thing as a penitentiary where criminals could be shut up and compelled to work, was unknown in America, but in its stead men were branded on the cheek, had their ears cut off, their noses slit, were whipped with cruelly devised whips, were placed in the pillory, suspended by the thumbs, or, in some other less expensive way, were punished for their crimes. So much for kingly rule. Jefferson's code provided for capital punishment for three offenses—the same three for which it can now be inflicted in this State. It undertook to substitute solitary confinement in place of other bodily punishment, but in that he did not at first succeed, but persevering, he saw the fruit of his long labors. While he was minister to France, in 1786, he sent over the model of a penitentiary, and by 1796 the public mind had sufficiently ripened for the gradation of punishment.

His part of the code also embraced a system of education for Virginia. It provided for a general university, for twenty-four district colleges, and elementary schools in every neighborhood, all to be supported by public taxation. Whatever else may or may not be said of that plan, this certainly can be said: it provided for the most complete system of education that up to that time had ever been proposed by any public man in America. The part for district colleges totally failed; the part for elementary public schools was adopted in part as early as 1796, but not in its fullness until later years; and the part in reference to a university found expression in the afterwards University of Virginia.

Let us now consider what he did for the cause of emancipation.

He became a member of the Legislature of Virginia in 1769 at the age of twenty-six. He says: "I made one effort in that body for the emancipation of slaves, which was rejected." So far as I have been able to discover, that was the first attempt made in America for the general emancipation of slaves by law.

It is admitted by all persons that Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence. It was not adopted exactly as he wrote it. When it was presented to the committee of the whole for consideration it contained this fierce denunciation of the king: "He has waged a cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain! Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce." He said in 1821 that that clause was stricken out in compliance with the wishes of Georgia and South Carolina, "who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and, who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren, also, I believe, felt a little tender under those censures; for though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others."

In 1778, two years after this clause had been stricken out of the Declaration, he brought a bill into the Legislature of Virginia to prevent their further importation into that colony, which he says "passed without opposition, and stopped the increase of the evil by importation, leaving to future efforts its final eradication." The next year when the code framed by him, Pendleton and Wythe, was presented to the Legislature, the portion drafted by him contained a provision for the freedom of all slaves born after a certain day and deportation at a proper age. The proposition was rejected. In 1821, Jefferson wrote in his Autobiography these words, which, in the light of subsequent events, sound as much like history as prophecy: "It was found that the public mind would not then bear the proposition,

nor will it bear it even at this day. Yet the day is not distant when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them. It is still in our power to direct the process of emancipation and deportation, peaceably and in such slow degree, as that the evil will wear off insensibly, and their place be, *pari passu* filled up by free white laborers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up." Forty years after those words were written, the cruel Civil War broke in mad fury over this land, and at its close the prophetic words, "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free," were verified. That part of this prophecy has become history. Is the other part, "Nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government," also to be verified? Is deportation the remedy for that part of this troublesome race question still with us? It is at least proper to consider the words of this wise man, who saw farther into the future than any other American of any time.

(To be continued next week.)

♦♦♦♦

Harris Merton Lyon

By Alexander Harvey

This tribute to the man of letters, who, during three years, contributed to REEDY'S MIRROR the essays, stories, sketches, criticisms and whimsies under the caption, "From an Old Farmhouse," is taken from "The Bang," written by Mr. Harvey and published by him weekly at 134 West 29th street, New York City. "The Bang" is the publication with the smallest circulation in the world, but it is wonderfully well written, for Mr. Harvey has a genius for persiflage, satire, irony and, upon occasion, an eloquence of tenderness. Readers of REEDY'S MIRROR will remember a dozen or more pieces from Mr. Harvey's pen in this paper—among them "The Toe" and "The Raft," short stories of sardonic power.

NO American in the field of the short story used his material with quite the artistry of Harris Merton Lyon. It was in his choice of material that he revolted from the convention which makes an American short story writer a disillusioned purveyor of illusions. Lyon was never that, although there are phases of his work which indicate concession to the formularies of our Philistinism. That concession never compromised his art but it did not disclose his genius characteristically. It was a genius that dealt in realities. The hideousness of our American conflict between youth and beauty and temperament on one side and materialism, arrivism and Philistinism on the other fascinated Lyon. Some of his finest work exposed that conflict too grimly for the illusion upon which our periodicals have to exist. Lyon in that phase is found in the volume called "Graphics." What a style—delicate and unobtrusive yet fine enough to impart its quality to the general impression. That impression, without the precious style and lacking the aristocratic humor, would have been too poignant. His tales are often a vision of the American tragedy in a swift and fleeting scene. The aristocracy of his sense of humor saved him from the vulgarities of the "successful" short story writer. For instance, Harris Merton Lyon never makes a mockery of the poor for being poor in the conventionalized manner of the American short story. Poverty stalks through his tales very often to make them terrific. Lyon reveals our country as a hell not of fire and brimstone, but of mental torture caused by thwarted temperament, the starvation of the soul. His humor flashes around this hell like the playful summer lightning over the gloom of Gibraltar.

Books Worth While

By Alpheus Stewart

A corroboration of the theory common to men who know both the East and the West that the two are so unlike that there is no possibility of adjustment, is the book of Carl Crow, called "Japan and America—A Contrast." Surely the two are a contrast as Mr. Crow presents them. The Japan he pictures is the real Japan, the Japan known to the foreign resident and not the Nippon seen by the flitting tourist, charmed by the cherry blossoms and the wistaria, the beautiful scenery and the politeness of a people always on parade before foreigners. The author strongly takes issue with reports of Japan given by these as well as the impressions of poets of the Lafcadio Hearne type, who entertained impressions that would harmonize only with their own idealism. The Japan he sees is the one in which an ambitious oligarchy is riding the backs of the ignorant and poverty stricken masses, where life, despite the pleasant seeming, is a thing of frightful privation to all who have not, and where the politeness of the people is without the kindness which makes politeness more than a formality.

He shows us a land for which nature has perhaps done less than any other in natural resources. The entire empire is only 600 square miles greater in size than California, which totals 15,360 miles, but there is more good farm land in mountainous Kentucky than in all Japan where there is a population of 2,688 persons to the arable square mile, giving each person less than a quarter of an acre. Unbelievable as it may seem, in this country which was under cultivation ages before the ancestors of the white man had begun to till the soil, there is a very great part of the mountainous districts which might be but never has been brought under cultivation. Much of both the far southern and far northern parts of the empire are still wild and undeveloped, due to the fact, as the author tells us, that the Japanese are not pioneers and lack initiative. The modernization of Japan, which so astonishes the Western world, is, in the opinion of the author, not such a wonderful feat when the matter is once analyzed. When Perry broke down the barriers of seclusion in 1853, a few of the oligarchy were so impressed with Western civilization that they determined it would be a good thing for Japan. The idea grew in this class to the point where the oligarchy decided to impose this Western culture on the country. It was easy enough, because the decision rested with a few men. As to the masses of the people, they had nothing to do but do as they were ordered. And it was the easier, because of their extraordinary docility and because obedience had been their habit for centuries. What to a Western people would have been a slow and tedious process, because of prejudices to overcome and diverse opinions to harmonize, was to a despotism easy. For in Japan there was then no public sentiment, nor is there now. Since the abandonment of the forms, at least, of feudalism, all Japan has done

since is to merely adopt Western civilization as it developed, according to Crow.

Japan is suffering from a great illusion. It has imperialistic megalomania. Its ruling class imagines that the nation is to be a great and conquering power, and its policy for the last decade or more has been shaped to that end. This illusion seized it with great violence after the war with China. The defeat it inflicted on Russia confirmed and deepened the illusion. Turning next to find an opponent, it found the United States in its way in the Pacific, and since then, according to the author, the ruling caste has been sedulously cultivating hostility to the United States. The distinguished Japanese visiting the United States may drip words of honied regard for this country, but the tale he tells in Japan is quite different. There, scores of papers carry on a rabid propaganda against this country. Nor should it be forgotten that Japan is without a free press. The most rigid censorship exists and the papers publish only what

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the ruling caste desires published. Perhaps one reason for the intense hostility of Japan to all things American is partly due to the fact that this country has been the greatest benefactor of Japan, inasmuch as it has done more than any other country to help Japan achieve full status as a nation. Having achieved this in 1899, it suddenly saw in this country's annexation of territory in the Pacific an inimical policy. Since then the animosity against this country has been carefully cultivated. At first a sly attempt was made to feel out the Monroe Doctrine with the hope of enlisting some European power against us, but now the chief cause of hostility is the discrimination against the Japanese in our immigration laws. The author,

who for eighteen months was on the staff of a Tokyo paper, says that although Japan is at war with Germany, the papers contain much more bitter diatribe against this country than against Germany. The most extraordinary lies are published against this country, and the petty Mexican nuisance is, in Japanese belief, the case of a smaller nation confronting a larger one which is afraid to fight.

There is no democracy in Japan. Less than one-tenth of the people, under a franchise property qualification, are allowed to vote. Supposedly the country is a constitutional monarchy, but the constitution starts off with this declaration: "The Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of

emperors unbroken for ages eternal. The emperor is sacred and inviolable. The emperor is the head of the empire, combining in himself the rights of sovereignty, and exercising them according to this constitution." The great superstition that still holds Japan in bondage is the firm belief that the emperor does not rule merely by divine appointment, like William of Germany, but is himself a divinity. For ages, the strongest clan has seized the person of the emperor and ruled in his name and there has been little change, except in theory, from that system.

Crow thinks the Japanese people are incapable of democracy in their present state. He cites the remarkable fact that in all the ages of Japanese history the Japanese people have never fought for themselves or for a free principle. Their wars have all been at the orders of their rulers and that one ruler might displace another in office. The Japanese army and navy are efficient because the brains and the entire resources of the country are devoted to making them so; but the writer shows at what enormous sacrifices to the nation this dream of empire is sustained. The industrial conditions of Japan are deadly and the treatment of young women such that the author believes the effect will soon be evident in the lowered vitality and fecundity of the nation. The author sees much in Japan to condemn and considers that the imperialistic illusion which dominates it will in time become a real menace to this republic, which he thanks God is different in all things, in its sense of honor and justice, in its conception of morality, in its sex relations and its theories of government from Japan. (Robert McBride & Co., New York.)

"Why War," is the title of a book by Frederic C. Howe, Ph. D., LL. D., and published by the Scribners. According to Dr. Howe, the origin of war may be found in one word—Privilege. To maintain these privileges, which come in conflict in the exploitation of weaker peoples, is the main cause of all modern warfare, although there are of course contributory causes. One form of privilege is to be seen in the war lords, who as the present war shows, are still dominant in the world, for Europe has not yet emerged from feudalism. The author takes up in turn the different schemes of exploitation and of conflicting privileges that entered into the complex web of circumstances that culminated in the present slaughter. He devotes a chapter to the feudal foundations on which European privilege rests, and another chapter to secret diplomacy which at all times is pregnant with war. Space is given to the influence of the effect of financial imperialism, concessions and monopolies, the munition makers, British imperialism, the occupation of Egypt, the Morocco incident, the partition of Persia, Germany and the Bagdad railway, the struggle for the control of the Mediterranean, China and the Chinese loan, German imperialism and the trading colonies, Germany and the Far East, and the influence of each in bringing on the present mighty struggle is shown.

To quote a single passage from this

forcible book: "From the foregoing discussion it is apparent that the people do not make war. War has little or nothing to do with national ambitions. It has nothing to do with the desires of the people. It is in no way related to their needs, their safety or their lives. Wars and preparation for wars are economic. They are born of privilege in politics, privilege in finance, privilege in trade. All other causes have become secondary. In many ways war is more selfish, more cruel and more senseless now than in any previous age of history. In the distribution of burdens it is far more unjust than it was in the Middle Ages." As to the responsibility of the people, one is inclined to disagree with the learned author. The people are responsible to the extent that they lack the intelligence and independence to refuse to allow themselves to be used as the tools of their masters.

The author thinks that only in the growth of democracy is to be found a hope of comparative freedom from wars. The book is a very forcible presentation of the case and the style is charming.

"How Diplomats Make War," a book issued by B. W. Huebsch, New York, is "by a British Statesman," who chooses to remain nameless, but is supposed to be Francis Neilson, late member of the British Parliament, who is now sojourning in this country. Albert Jay Nock, the Socialistic writer, in an introduction, highly commends the book, says he knows the author and that he is "not connected with any radical or Socialistic group, nor is he a member of any of the several organizations like the Union of Democratic Control that have sprung up since the war." Reading the book one may well believe this, for it is given up largely to objecting to things as they are rather than to reconstructing things as they should be.

"How Diplomats Make War" is a virtual history of all that part of European diplomacy which can be used to sustain the author's conclusion that the diplomats are responsible for about all the troubles that occur between nations. While his trend is toward Socialism, he rather postulates than asserts that theory; but one fact is clearly advanced: He is a member of the "opposition." He is opposed to and points out the mistakes of British statesmen for a hundred years and in discussing those of the last few years which have led to such tremendous events, he includes in his criticism French, Russian and Italian statesmen and diplomats. Beginning with the mighty upheaval that ended a hundred years ago, he reviews the treaties of 1831 and 1839, since distinguished by being referred to as "scraps of paper," discusses in turn the separation of Belgium and Holland, the treaty of Paris, Poland, Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark, the war and treaty of 1870, the Boer war, the Anglo-French agreement as to Morocco, the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the triple Entente and all the statesmen, diplomats, writers and philosophers that have left an impress on Europe in a hundred years. He insists that the diplomats and statesmen have brought about all the wars that have occurred, and that the reason is

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that the people have not yet connected war with diplomacy. The diplomats work in secret and do as they please and the people have nothing to say about it. They can only go out and lay down their lives when the diplomats, abetted by the statesmen and the kings, order them to. "Instead of a vote, a rifle; instead of an acre of their native land, a place in a foreign trench; instead of the full value of their product, a ticket

for soup; these were the net returns for worshipping the 'foul idol.'"

He discusses the faults and errors of British statesmanship for the last century (indeed, most of the book is devoted to this) and from what he says it is plain that he sees little that is good in any of the men who have conducted the destinies of the empire within that time. He thinks that the secrecy, the lies, the hypocrisy and the lack of

honor of the British Foreign Office have been responsible for much of the evil that has befallen Europe. "Foreign Office work is done by men of long lineage and short vision," says he, and he brings instances to prove that all diplomacy is a tissue of lies, subterfuges and inconsistencies; but British diplomacy is worst of all.

He is not a partisan of the Kaiser, but does think that something is due in way of abatement of the charges brought against him by English jingoes. He therefore takes up a considerable portion of the book in showing that it was Britain and not Germany that set the pace in armament, as may be seen in this statement: In 1901, English superiority in battleships was 112 per cent, in 1902 it was 120 per cent, in 1903 it was 165 per cent and in 1904 it jumped to 190 per cent. But while it is admitted that England has set the pace in naval armament, he seems to ignore the fact that Germany was at the same time setting the pace in land armament. Nevertheless, it is plain to see that Britain, in the opinion of the writer, must bear a full share of responsibility for bringing on the present war. He deplores the confusion of ideas that employs the horrors and atrocities of German warfare, since the war began, to obscure the facts and acts of antebellum days. Louvain, Belgium, the *Lusitania*, the Zeppelin raids, have nothing to do with the events that brought on the war. One revelation the author makes is that England has had a secret understanding with France since 1906, and while the origins of the present war go backward for a hundred years, the chief responsibility dates from this understanding. "After all, known treaties are the least significant work of diplomats," says the author. The real source of trouble is the secret understandings of the diplomats.

He treats the White and other papers that preceded the outbreak of hostilities at considerable length and gives them a far different interpretation than that given by the nations at war with Germany. He makes it plain that he is a pacifist. He has nothing but scorn for the assertion that good ever came or ever will come out of war. He accepts the view that armament is provocative of war, but he dodges the fact that disarmament, or military weakness, may be equally provocative of war. All good men are opposed to crime but they do not express their opposition by abolishing the police.

Although the book is suggestive of the special plea of the opposition politician, it is written in a forceful style and considering the time and occasion in which it is written, is temperate in its treatment of the subjects discussed.

There may be some excuse for autobiography—not that it is ever a true record, for it is given to no man to truly see himself—but it may be interesting as a document showing what the writer thinks people think of him. But a biography of any conspicuous public person, the history of a life before the life is completed, save a brief sketch of the principal facts for works of reference, is without excuse. Of this class is

"Woodrow Wilson; the Man and His Work," by Henry Jones Ford, Professor of Politics in Princeton University. Apparently the author has had opportunity for intimate study of the man who is now president. Nevertheless, he tells us nothing that every reader of newspapers does not already know. Professor Jones acts merely as a reporter. And as a reporter he is a decided amateur. The so-called biography consists very largely of extracts from Wilson's speeches, writings and state papers. Neither do they appear to have been selected with any great discrimination. The book is but an illustration of the folly of attempting to write the life of a public character before that life is completed, and without a proper background against which to set it. And the Appletons ask \$1.50 for the volume!

John Reed achieves the highest effectiveness as a reporter, because to the reader he visualizes what he himself sees. And moreover, he is one who sees. Therefore, the people who read his letters from Mexico, written within the past three or four years, will find anticipatory pleasure in his latest

collection of correspondence, now published in book form by the Scribners, under the title, "The War in Eastern Europe." (Scribner's, New York.) Not the least delightful feature of the book are the forty-eight illustrations by Boardman Robinson. There is individuality and force about Boardman Robinson's work as an illustrator. He conveys a striking idea in every picture. Robinson drew his sketches on the spot, as he was the sharer throughout the trip of Reed's hardships, dangers, delays and disappointments. Starting at Salonika in April, 1915, they went to typhus-devastated Serbia; thence to Bucharest, Roumania; from there, into Russia, and were caught in the Russian retreat from the Carpathians; from there to Petrograd, where they met all sorts of delays, vexations and dangers, in the attempt to find authorization for their presence in Russia, and from which they were finally extricated by the British ambassador, the American ambassador having failed them; from Petrograd they were able to get back to Bucharest, from where Reed went to reach Constantinople, but not being allowed to go to Gallipoli, he went to Bulgaria; upon mobilization in Bulgaria,

they had to get out and returned through Serbia to Salonika, which they reached in October. Reed complains that it seems to have been their fate to miss all the great dramatic events in that theater of the war, but the book is perhaps of greater value on that account, as after reading it, one is inclined to agree with the author that "the most important thing to know about the war is how the different peoples live; their environment, tradition and the revealing things they do and say. In time of peace, many human qualities are covered up which come to the surface in a sharp crisis; but on the other hand, much of personal and racial quality is submerged in a time of great public stress. And in this book, Robinson and I have simply tried to give our impressions of human beings as we found them in the countries of Eastern Europe." And this they have succeeded in doing, with a fine touch of humor, a quality that Reed sees in even such horrors as those of that unhappy section of the world. It may be said that the book is a study of the human factors in the great slaughter, rather than a report of the working of the war machine.

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Letters From the People

Setting Right Mr. Dickey

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St. Louis 10-11-12

Mr. Wm. Reedy,
Editor MIRROR,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Mr. Reedy:—

My attention has just been called to an article which appeared in a recent number of your magazine, criticising Mr. Dickey, in connection with his senatorial candidacy, and commending the candidacy of Mr. Nathan Frank. I have nothing to say in opposition to your commendation of Mr. Frank, but I think your strictures on Mr. Dickey arise from the fact that you do not know him as well as some of the rest of us do. Those best acquainted with him have recognized him to be a man of high qualifications, who would have distinguished himself even without the money which his own genius made.

I note you refer to the senatorial contest of 1904. Mr. Dickey supported Mr. Kerens in that contest on account of the obligations of old friendship, and Mr. Kerens received the vote of practically all the members of the Legislature from Jackson County. Of course, when Mr. Niedringhaus, who was also his friend, received the party nomination, he gave him his support as a believer in party regularity.

It is true that Mr. Dickey accidentally happened to be born in Canada, but his father was an Irish patriot and his mother was American, her ancestors having fought with Washington. I want to call attention to the fact, which is probably not generally known, that in 1884, when O'Donovan Rossa returned to this country from Ireland, Mr. Dickey's father, Mr. Nathaniel Dickey, who was recognized as a leader among Irish patriots, went on to New York and with others, met Rossa in New York Harbor and, on behalf of the Irishmen receiving him, delivered the address of welcome.

I believe that you will find, upon investigation, that Mr. Dickey has a consistent record of active and useful Republicanism and that he has proven his right to favor and distinction entirely outside of the wealth he has attained.

I shall be glad to hear from you.

Very truly yours,
R. W. VAN TRUMP.

Patience Worth

St. Louis, June 16, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Professor Kerlin's comment in this morning's MIRROR calls for a reply from someone in actual possession of the facts. We who have worked with Patience Worth and loved her as a being still richly human, in spite of her centuries on the other side of the thin dividing line, cannot lie supine while

the skeptic annihilates her with so absurd a bludgeon as the Chaucer-and-Ozark theory.

I have known Mrs. Curran long and intimately, and I know to an ultimate certainty that she never read Chaucer in her life. I know, too, that the only reading of Chaucer that her husband did was in my home, fully a year after the Patience Worth dialect had been coming across our transmission board. My husband had been hunting up some of the archaisms of our record in both his college Chaucer text and in a volume of the Four Gospels in parallel columns, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, Wycliffe and Tyndale, and one evening he pointed some of them out to both Mr. and Mrs. Curran. Mr. Curran remarked that he had always been longing for the time when he would have leisure to read those early classics, and in my presence he dipped into the volume at several places, just to see how much of it he could translate into modern English. If he had done this, and had discussed the curious words with his wife before the archaisms began to appear on our transmission board, Prof. Kerlin and Dr. Prince might make a better point for the subconscious theory. In actual fact, their argument has not a leg to stand on.

As far as the girlhood residence of Mrs. Curran in the Ozarks is concerned, I have visited the town of Palmer, in company with Mrs. Curran, and the mining people among whom she lived when she was sixteen exhibited all their limited vocabulary for my benefit. It is crude, illiterate English, but it offers no foundation for the fabric of speech that Patience Worth uses. More than this, I must state emphatically that Mrs. Curran has never been a great reader, for the most distressing reason. From her early childhood she has had serious trouble with her eyes. Again and again she was taken out of school, and was prevented from reading even novels, by the oculist's orders. When she found that the menace of blindness would prevent her from taking a serious education, she devoted her whole attention to music. And a woman with a rich, powerful voice and a talent outranking all her other talents, would have been foolish to do anything else.

I state these facts, because Prof. Kerlin has accused Mr. Yost of concealing certain alleged facts concerning Mrs. Curran's education. Mr. Yost is not the man to make of himself a party to any form of deception. He met Patience when she had been a familiar visitor in the Curran home for a year and a half. He was charmed with her philosophy and her imagery. He wanted the world to share with him her charm. That was as far as he cared to go.

While I was in the East, about two months ago, I was bombarded on every hand by questions and protests concerning Patience Worth, because my name is mentioned as the first investigator of this wonderful phenomenon. From several sources I learned that Dr. Prince had "exposed" Patience. I was told by a Boston friend that Dr. Prince had compelled Mr. Curran to admit that he was a Chaucerian scholar, and also that when Mrs. Curran had lived in the

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Ozarks her parents had had Indians for house servants. He derived a part of the Patience Worth dialect from this Indian jargon. It is difficult for me to believe that Dr. Prince ever made such a statement. Certainly if he did make it, he misunderstood Mr. Curran. We, in Missouri, know that there have been no Indians in the Ozarks for more than half a century.

I had an hour's talk with Mr. Gillman Hall, editor of one of the leading New York magazines, and most of that talk was devoted to Patience Worth. Mr. Hall crossed the Atlantic to investigate a psychic mystery, eight years ago, and he shares with me the conviction that Patience Worth is not a secondary personality of Mrs. Curran, but is an independent, thinking being, who has found in Mrs. Curran a means of expression. I talked with the editor of another New York magazine who at first ridiculed my belief, but in the end admitted that he had not the moral courage to confess a faith in the possibility of communication between the living and the dead. He said such a belief was not considered "respectable" among scientific men. This is the crux of the whole matter. Men and women who have had experiences that prove to them the continuity of life after death, are afraid of the skeptic's most deadly weapon—ridicule.

I was glad to see what Dr. Hyslop had to say about telepathy. Those who accuse me of weak-minded credulity, are always ready to explain away the whole experience on the telepathy hypothesis. When I ask them what evidence they have of this marvelous telepathy, they are forced to admit that they have none. They usually wind up by saying that they are compelled to choose between spirit communication and telepathic communication from the mind of one living being to that of another living being, and they prefer the latter hypothesis. When a belief in the survival of both soul and mind, after physical death, has been endorsed by several hundreds of men of the stamp of Dr. Hyslop, Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Funk, William James and William T. Stead, such a belief will become so "respectable" that the absolutely unproved theory of telepathy will be the subject of as much scientific

ridicule as is now heaped upon the spirit explanation of the Mystery of Patience Worth.

Sincerely and im-Patiently yours,
EMILY GRANT HUTCHINGS.

Acknowledgement

The editor of REEDY'S MIRROR hereby acknowledges, as requested, receipt by mail of a *recipe* for a preparation for preventing conception, sent by an earnest birth-controller to show that the editor was wrong in saying in a recent article that there is no absolutely certain, invincible method—except self-restraint—of accomplishing what Mrs. Sanger and others say is so desirable.

In making this acknowledgement the editor begs leave to add that he submitted the *recipe* to a physician for a report. The physician said: "The prescription is an antique. It has been touted for half a century. It is absolutely worthless, as shown by its use in many cases. It is sold clandestinely for \$10 and is not worth ten cents."

The editor stands by his assertion that there is no certain medical contraceptive. Any physician who says there is, must be ultracredulous or a conscious quack.

♦♦♦

Different Ways

There are different ways of doing things,
A casual glance discloses;
Some girls turn up their sleeves at work,
And some turn up their noses.

—*Liverpool Globe.*

♦♦♦

"What are the duties of an American soldier in Mexico?" "If the press dispatches can be relied on, a day's work consists of hunting for Villa one hour, hunting for water five hours, and the rest of the time hunting for lost American aviators."—*Puck.*

♦♦♦

Flossie Flirt—Jack, that man in the box hasn't taken his eyes off me for an hour.

Her Escort—How do you know?—*Punch Bowl.*

A Place to Dine

Imagine one gifted with the powers of the Genie of the Lamp, given the creative genius of the landscape gardener, possessing a fine sense of appreciation of the beauties of music and art, and possessing a gastronomic sense such as was ascribed to Lucullus and you have an idea of what has been achieved by the creator of St. Louis' most attractive resort, Anschuetz' Mission Inn.

Lavish praise? No; simply adequate appreciation of what has been done in forming the charmingest spot in St. Louis and making it at the same time a rendezvous where the lover of good living—in all that implies—may meet the most fastidious and there, on a common ground, enjoy that good-fellowship which finds its home in an environment where art and nature combine to make life felicitous.

This Carl Anschuetz who found the means to create this assembled charm had in him, happily, not only the gifts necessary to the realization of a dream he had long ago, but joined with it that felicitous facility in knowing how to contribute to the comfort of man which St. Louisans knew in the late Tony Faust and New Yorkers admired in the greatest of the Delmonicos. But Faust and Delmonico contributed to the enjoyment of life rather in their capacity to assemble viands and make them more enjoyable from the fact that they were served in most excellent company. Anschuetz, a prince of the house of king caterers, had something more, in that he knew how to make nature in her gracious moods contribute to the setting.

Perhaps you haven't been to the Mission Inn. If you are a person of taste—and you need not have more than modest means—and you live in St. Louis, you know the Mission Inn. If you are a stranger you have a pleasure pending which you should realize forthwith and at a season of the year when Flora is in her most exuberant mood.

Three-quarters of a century ago the site of the Mission Inn was occupied by a notable house of entertainment much affected by the gentry of St. Louis and patronized as a matter of course by all manner of great people who came to St. Louis. There the fine old gentlemen whose splendid hospitality and ample resources gave a lasting fame to the old South were wont to gather in the summer evenings with their families and dine with that easy enjoyment and gracious courtesy that distinguished them. There assembled the Blairs and the Chouteaus and later, Grant and Fremont and other notables of their time. In later years, as St. Louis became more metropolitan, it was still a favorite resort but it had not its great prestige as of old. Then came Carl Anschuetz, and with a fairy wand restored its ancient graces. It wasn't altogether a fairy wand that he used, for Mr. Anschuetz is essentially of the moderns and worked with modern tools, albeit. He was just a youth when he came to St. Louis thirty-four years ago—and he preserves so much of that fair semblance of youth to-day that you will be astonished on meeting him to know that he was cater-

ing to the upbuilding of the Tony Faust reputation a generation back. That is because he has lived well, with a due regard for the inner man and more than a common regard for the good results that come from cultivating the senses. For fourteen years he was Tony Faust's *maitre de hotel* and he there came to know what was good and people knew to be good. Coming into contact with gourmets and people of taste he contributed to the cultivation of their taste and he expanded in his own views. Nearly twenty years ago the general plan of the Mission Inn came to him and with the famous old house of entertainment at Grand and Magnolia for the nucleus, he proceeded to build around it what is known as Anschuetz' Mission Inn of to-day.

He did this: He, with the aid of the modern builder, created on the grounds, which are an acre and a quarter in extent, a replica of one of the beautiful old Missions of the Southwest. With perfect architectural symmetry but without regard to space conservation, he put in buildings that recall memories of old California and when you enter the spacious ground with their lavish floral setting, you listen for the tinkle of the old, historic Mission bells that fancy suggests as calling the good fathers, who once dispensed hospitality and a knowledge of right living in the old missions, to vespers.

You do not realize the fancy quite but you are regaled with lovely music—for it may be frankly said that the Mission Inn has the best music in St. Louis. You are ushered into a veranda dining-room, or you may prefer an arbor where rusticity and art blend happily.

And in the midst of this loveliness you will find Carl Anschuetz providing dishes that contain all the gustatory delights of these and other days.

It is the place to which St. Louis hosts should take their out-of-town guests—and it is not difficult for the guests to find it themselves, for there is ample transportation and the Mission Inn is in the heart of the city, though it is complete in its suggestion of suburban repose. With good cheer, in surroundings of beauty, good music, a modest charge and the pleasure of being personally cared for by a master of the art of entertainment, Carl Anschuetz, one might look about a good deal in this or any other country before finding as pleasant a place to dine as the Mission Inn.

A Pretty One

A lady of great beauty and attractiveness, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, once crowned her praise of it at a party by saying: "I think I was meant for an Irishwoman." "Madam," rejoined a witty son of Erin, who happened to be present, "thousands would back me in saying you were meant for an Irishman."

MacQuirk—Yes, sir, my wife always finds something to harp on.

MacShirk—I hope mine does, too.

MacQuirk—What makes you say you hope she does?

MacShirk—She's dead. — *London Opinion.*

"Jean Webster"

By Montefiore Bienenstok

The death of Mrs. Glenn Ford McKinney, known to the reading public as Jean Webster, in New York the other day, cuts off the writer of some delightful problem stories in the prime of her literary activity. Jean Webster (to use the name best known to us) possessed exceptionally dainty charm of style, combined with tender humor, all enveloping the most difficult and some pathetic problems of the rearing of children in orphanages.

Jean Webster wrote with loving care and broad sympathy. Reference is especially made here to "Daddy Long Legs" and its sequel, "Dear Enemy," two long sketches in epistolary form, than which, it can be ventured, no novels by an American are so compactly filled with expositions of orphan asylum management and the adventures of inmates in such institutions.

These stories should be read by everyone interested in the training of dependent children. In fact, they possess a sociological value for all parents, but they have a broader—or is it narrower—public interest because of their sparkling ease, naive simplicity and facile grace. Perhaps there is a little too much frivolousness in the treatment of the tremendous theme, yet such homeopathic presentation reaches those who would oh iwetersrdluhrdludluuuu who would otherwise be bored, and forces thought on a vitally human subject.

The orphan asylum is not food for the humorist: at least it makes sad joking; yet Jean Webster's pictures of orphan children often raise smiles without cheapening seriousness or dulling sympathy. Each of the novels can be read in about an hour. They suggest really more than they tell. They give vivid impress of the author's knowledge and insight into her subject. While dealing broadly with big problems, the stories have what we might well call love-interest. "Daddy Long Legs" was produced in dramatic form and played by Henry Miller. "Dear Enemy" seems to me to have even more dramatic possibilities. But, unfortunately, the stage versions could not have the artless *naïveté* of the novels without becoming mushily insipid. However, the subject deserves the widest exploitation through the novels, the spoken, or the screen drama.

The novels are illustrated by humorous sketches of the various characters in themselves indicative of the author's versatility, as, if I remember correctly, they are Jean Webster's own impressions of her creations. It seems as if most of these little orphans were limned from life with love and devoted truth, and their investiture with such general interest is a literary achievement that is fit food for more extended thought.

✱

Departing Diner—I'd like to give you a tip, waiter, but I find I have only my taxi fare left.

Waiter—They do say, sir, that an after-dinner walk is very good for the 'ealth, sir.—*Kansas City Star.*

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All of a Kind

(Reprinted by Request)

There was me and pap, and some more of the crowd,
Was settin' around in Jimmerson's store,
When Bill Hawkins told a tale he 'lowed
Would set the fellers all in a roar.

Says he: "When I was livin' in the West,
Along on the edge of Ioway,
I knowed a feller there that made
A hundred dollars in half a day.

"The old Missoo' got on a raise—
A regular old Missouri flood—
An' this feller thinks he sees a chance
In catchin' floatin' fire wood.

"So he advertised for fifty men
In the Roarin' City *Weekly News*
To meet him on the river bank
With skiffs an' boats, or with canoes.

"An' he hired them fellers to ketch that wood,
An' all that mornin' the wood they ketched."
An' the pay he give's where the joke come in—
He gives 'em half of what they fetched.

An' the fellers laughed at old Billy's yarn,
Laughed and said they thought it grand—
Yet all of them fellers that cackled so
Was workin' on shares on rented land!

— *Indianapolis Journal.*

Atkins No. 1—"Hi say, w'en did 'Arold get the lower 'arf of 'is face shot hoff?"

Atkins No. 2—"Hit ain't shot hoff. 'E's a-yawnin'."—*Jack o' Lantern.*

Summer Shows

A romantic military operetta, "The Gay Hussars," with two new additions to the cast—Carl Gantvoort and Dolly Castle—will be the offering at the Park next week, beginning Monday evening. Gantvoort appeared here four years ago in the all-star production of "Robin Hood" at the Olympic and was later a member of the Delmar Garden stock company. As he was the original *Captain von Lorenty* in "The Gay Hussars," his rendition of it now should prove a treat for Park patrons. Dolly Castle, who succeeds Louise Allen, has won fame in London and in this country as *Little Dorothy* in "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz." Miss Bussert will carry the leading singing role in her beautiful style.

❖

The Shenandoah's feature films are proving a big success and the house is crowded each night. The programme for Thursday and Friday includes "The Perils of Divorce," with Edna Wallace Hopper and Frank Sheridan. On Saturday, "Soul Mates," starring William Russell, will be given.

❖❖❖

Mexico

By Wm. Preston Hill, M. D., Ph. D.

Now that this Mexican problem has become acute and moreover has become a political issue in the platforms of all our political parties, it needs to be thoroughly discussed. We need particularly to become acquainted with the real facts, because so far there has been more nonsense written about Mexico than on any other subject that I know of. It has been literally a case of the blind trying to lead the blind, because the writers who have gone down there were mostly unacquainted with the language and lacked the requisite knowledge to be able to correctly interpret the little that they did see and hear and, above all, were so filled with preconceived notions of their own that they were more anxious to make the facts fit in with their prejudices than to learn the truth, no matter how disagreeable to them it might be.

One prominent writer in *Everybody's Magazine*, for instance, accompanied General Carranza and his party on the train in his whirlwind tour over parts of Mexico for a couple of weeks and then came back to tell us *all about Mexico*. The two facts which he thought he discovered were, first, that the whole Mexican population was filled with a bitter hatred towards our people and would therefore fight us to the last man if we intervened and, second, that General Carranza and his crowd were honest reformers who would accomplish the salvation of Mexico if we would only let them alone.

Both of these facts he wanted to find before he went down there, because he is an extreme pacifist and he was ready to believe anything that harmonized with his ideas and to disbelieve everything that contradicted them, and the little that he saw and heard could not change his preconceived notions in the slightest degree.

Imagine a Frenchman unacquainted with English, accompanying Bryan on

one of his whirlwind speaking tours from the end of a train and then going back to France to tell them all about America and you can form an idea of what such an opinion would be worth.

Another writer finds beauty in the straight lines of the *adobe* dwellings which line the streets of Mexican cities, which really signify nothing but a complete lack of architectural ideas, and says what a pity it is for us to disturb so much innocence and simplicity and, incidentally, the dirt and vermin which he perhaps did not notice or at least failed to mention.

Now, let us examine into the hatred. All more or less isolated communities display a dislike to any stranger whatsoever, especially if he differs from them in color, dress, manners and speech. This is accentuated if the stranger happens to be superior to them in any one respect, because ignorance hates knowledge, darkness hates light, vice hates virtue, filth and disease hate cleanliness and sanitary conditions, sloth, indolence and poverty hate energy, vigor and prosperity, backwardness and unprogressivism hate enlightenment and progress. The reason for this is very natural and simple. Everything in nature tries to defend its own existence. Virtue destroys vice, knowledge abolishes ignorance, light annihilates darkness, therefore, ignorance, vice and darkness must of necessity feel hostile to virtue, light and knowledge in order to defend their continued existence.

This is, in the main, the Mexican hatred of us. They know that we bring progress and that progress means changed conditions, in which their filth, ignorance, superstition, disease, sloth, indolence, etc., must give way and they naturally resist any change from their set ways.

But is the hatred of the Mexicans confined to the Americans? By no means, and only the most superficial observer would have overlooked so important a fact. The great masses of the Mexican people also hate the descendants of the Spanish *conquistadores* and other Spaniards who ruled Mexico for 300 years in spite of the fact that these descendants are born and raised in Mexico and are now to all intents and purposes just as much Mexicans as they are. To understand this one must have the historical point of view and look back into history for the causes which explain much that would otherwise be incomprehensible in Mexico.

The conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards was a very different thing from the occupation of this country by our ancestors. The Europeans who landed on our shores found a race of hunters, who depended on game for their subsistence, and who therefore had to retreat before the white man as their game, their only source of sustenance, was driven westward by the encroachments of the white man's agriculture. This left the continent back of the white man's frontier empty, to be filled up by the white man's children and by other immigrants from Europe. This race of hunters from time to time made heroic stands against the advance of the white man and fought bloody wars and battles, but when defeated they invariably retreated again to the westward, so that our conquest of this country was simply

a gradual pushing of the redmen out of our way towards the West and their gradual extermination by war and disease, thus leaving the country back of the frontier to be entirely peopled by the white race.

But the Spaniards in their conquest of Mexico were confronted by an entirely different condition. They found in the major part of that country a comparatively dense population of tillers of the soil. These peasants could not retreat before the white man because they could not leave the soil which was their only means of subsistence. They therefore had to submit to the Spaniards and after their conquest the Spaniards had them on their hands to deal with and keep in subjection.

The conquest of Mexico was exactly similar, therefore to the conquest of China by the Manchus, or the conquest of England by the Normans, with this important difference, however, that the Manchus were so similar in race to the Chinese that they readily amalgamated with them and became almost one people, in fact were swallowed up and digested by the Chinese, and the same was true of the Normans, and the Saxon-English, but the Spaniards were so different from the natives of Mexico in every respect that they mingled with the greatest difficulty and three centuries later the process was not far advanced.

The position of the Spaniards in Mexico, therefore, was very similar to that of the Dutch in Java, with the difference that the Dutch are wise, far-seeing administrators, who aim to make their rule a real benefit to the subject races and are satisfied with the more general and indirect and therefore unperceived exploitation of the country, whereas, the Spaniards were ruthless, military adventurers, who had only one thought, and that was to brutally exploit and plunder the natives of Mexico in the shortest possible time and then get back to Spain with their booty and enjoy it.

The natives of Mexico were in consequence ground down into the most abject peonage or virtual slavery and mercilessly plundered.

The result was the hereditary hatred of the peons against their Spanish oppressors and the revolt of Mexico against Spain in 1821 was really a revolt against the Spanish conquerors by the natives of Mexico, and it was an aborted revolution, because though Mexico ostensibly achieved its independence of Spain, the peon natives did

not succeed in getting rid of the Spanish land owners, because these latter seeing that Spain was too feeble to help them and maintain her rule in Mexico, were shrewd enough to side in with the people of Mexico and place themselves at the head of the revolution and thus retain their grip on the country.

They were aided in this by the fact that Mexico was not a real nation at the time that Cortez conquered it. It was only an aggregation of tribes, which were beginning to be conquered and unified by the Aztecs under the Montezumas, but the process was as yet only in embryo. The power of the Montezumas was grossly exaggerated by the Spanish writers in order to magnify the exploits of their heroes. The real fact is that it was not very extensive and that Mexico was not a nation at all, but only an aggregation of tribes.

The Spaniards first gave that section of the continent a name, appointing viceroys to rule over it, but it remains to-day only a geographical expression, and does not constitute a nation in the true sense of the word. It is but an aggregation of tribes, as in the days of Cortez, only imperfectly and slightly unified by the centuries of Spanish misrule.

So when Spain lost its power to help its citizens over the seas and the revolt against her rule took place, it was not the revolt of a united people conscious of its national existence; it was more the spasmodic outbreak of the native aborigines against the foreigner, easily diverted and mastered by these same foreigners for their own ends. And this has been the real trouble ever since.

Mexico is in no sense a nation that can unite on a definite program and accomplish it; yet all over the country the seeds of revolution exist locally and are ready to break out at any time because deep down in his heart the peon intensely desires to recover his land.

But no matter how much the people of this country may sympathize with this desire of the peon, we must realize that his fight is absolutely hopeless.

He is too ignorant, too constitutionally unfit for connected purpose and thought, too savage and too divided into tribes to make a successful revolution on his own behalf. His revolution is practically impossible because if successful it would be a backward step in civilization and put Mexico back into the days of the Aztecs.

The foreigner, even though he has

been and is the oppressor of the peons, practically represents all there is of progress, of civilization and of organization in Mexico to-day and cannot be ousted without throwing the country into chaos.

So we have the great tragedy of Mexico, unique on this earth, of a people always ready and willing to revolt and yet forever unable to accomplish the real purpose of that revolt.

This is what has made Mexico the land of chronic revolution, so incomprehensible to superficial observers, and there is no prospect that it will change for many generations, no matter how good the intentions of a Carranza, a Madero, or any other temporary ruler may be. He cannot in the very nature of things last long enough to bring about the changes necessary to cure and remove the causes of revolution. This will become clearer if we analyze the population of Mexico. Just before the fall of Diaz, its population of 15,000,000 was composed of about 500,000 full-blooded whites, the descendants of the Spanish rulers and other foreigners; 250,000 half-breeds, mixtures of the white, negro and Indian bloods, and about 12,000,000 Aborigines, full-blooded Indians.

It is, of course, difficult to draw generalities without exceptions. But practically all the intelligence, ownership of property, power of combination, political activity and military insight is concentrated in the 500,000 whites. The half-breeds combine all the bad qualities of the two or three races and are the chronic disturbers of the peace. They are more intelligent and active than the full-blooded aborigines, and also more irrational, restless and unscrupulous. They are ready to follow any leader who promises or gives prospect of furnishing opportunities for loot and pleasure. Once in a while one of these rises into power, but mostly they constitute the bulk of the laborers in cities and fill the minor political offices and the police force, the army, etc. They are really the parasites of the ruling class and constitute their strength. The full-blooded aborigines on the other hand, heavy and dull of intellect, are ready in their blind courage to fight at any time to overthrow the whole bunch, but, like a blind Sampson, can only succeed in pulling down the whole structure on their own heads.

Such are the conditions which make the case of Mexico hopeless, because a leader like Carranza cannot go back on his own army which maintains him in power and betray their interests in favor of the peons who would not have sense and cohesion enough to support him, even if he did.

There are only two ways in which improvement in conditions may come about, and either one of them is full of unpleasant consequences and trouble and expense for the United States.

The first is to let revolution take its course in Mexico. This involves our maintaining a large mobilized army as a border patrol to prevent raids into our territory, because chronic anarchy across the border is sure to lead to occasional raids for plunder into our territory. This course will be a tremendous expense to this country, because it would

take fully 400,000 men to properly guard our territory and make life safe near the border. This expense would probably last for years and would be more expensive than war, because it would have to be kept up until revolution had done its bloody work in Mexico. This would, of course, finally be accomplished because the things that follow revolution in its wake, starvation, pestilence and murder, would finally reduce the population of Mexico by the million and in the end it would be peopled as South America was by immigrants of another race, who would bring with them different ideas of law and order and establish a stable government as the Italians did in the Argentine Republic.

The other course is for this country to intervene, which it now seems on the point of doing. This is the best and cheapest course in the long run, in my opinion. But when we intervene we must not delude ourselves with the idea that we can restore law and order and withdraw in a year or so. We will have to cut deeper than that if we do not wish to have the job to do over again in a few years.

Mexico should really be divided into two republics, because the Northern part of Mexico, constituted by the States of Tamaulipas, Neuva Leon, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora, and some others, are cattle and mining states, with a sparse population and interests very different from the densely populated agricultural States of the South. We should therefore constitute a Northern Republic of Mexico as a buffer State between this country and Mexico proper. We must police this northern republic and guarantee law and order in it until more settled conditions prevail. This will only take a few years, because with the guarantee of protection our people would quickly fill up this part of Mexico and drown out the native population and establish States like Arizona and New Mexico.

We can have a real frontier between this State and Mexico proper, which can easily be controlled and defended, because the mountain ranges and natural conditions are there, whereas our present frontier is only an imaginary line in its entire length.

The remainder of Mexico may in time work out its own salvation under a dictator of some kind, because most of the revolutions have always originated in the north in the sparsely settled country.

But in case of necessity we will then be in a position to further pacify the remainder of Mexico. This is the only solution which, in my judgment, offers any prospect of permanent relief from the Mexican trouble. I believe, moreover, that General Carranza fully realizes this and that he has deliberately provoked war with this country as the only relief for Mexico and the only way to consolidate his rule and unite the Mexicans under him.

I feel confident, moreover, that this country badly needs the war to reawaken patriotism among our own people and to stiffen the fiber of our citizens, too much relaxed and weakened by too long a peace.

Marts and Money

They had a poor market in Wall Street. Business was on a sharply restricted scale, and prices sagged in nearly all the prominent quarters, despite some favorable news as regards dividend increases and improvement in the agricultural outlook. Declines ranged from two to five points, and the fractional rallies were almost wholly the results of covering of short commitments. The disposition to enter into long contracts was checked by the disgraceful collapse of the motor merger scheme, and the incidental severe breaks in the prices of the stocks of companies involved. In one case, that of Willys Overland common, the "slump" amounted to over \$50. We are given to understand that the "deal" was hastily called off on account of an inimical attitude on the part of the dominant bankers. There was talk, likewise, that the responsible parties had been favored with some illuminative counsel by the legal bosses at Washington. Not improbable, methinks. The plan was distinctly monopolistic, as well as highly objectionable, financially. That it served to scare a large number of investors and speculators away from the Stock Exchange cannot be doubted. It is, indeed, freely admitted by leading brokerage establishments.

Perturbating constructions were placed, also, upon the state of affairs along the Rio Grande. It was opined that it foreshadowed real intervention at an early date. Long-headed observers ventured the prediction that in case of actual warfare the Federal Government might be constrained to apply for a loan of \$100,000,000, or so, and in that way cause another advance in the value of surplus money. That reasoning along this line was given close heed in authoritative circles may be inferred from the weakness of the price of the Anglo-French 5 per cent bonds, floated in the United States in the autumn of 1915 at a fixed retail price of 98. The current quotation is 95¼. The transactions in these securities were notably heavy in the past week; they frequently comprised \$100,000 to \$300,000. It is reasonable to assume that the enlarged liquidation in this instance derived, in part, from rumors of supplementary loans to the British and French Governments. The probable total is put at \$100,000,000, and the interest rate at 5½ per cent.

The market for loanable funds continues firm, notwithstanding a further replenishment of the aggregate surplus reserves of the Clearing-House institutions, which now stand at \$93,600,000, against \$55,800,000 on June 3. Loans for two and three months are rated at 3¼ to 4 per cent; for six months, at 3¼ to 4. For call funds, the quotation is 3 to 3½ per cent. In the early part of the year, time loans were rated at 2 to 3 per cent, and call loans at 1½ to 1¾. Additional imports of gold incited but little comment, though it was pointed out in some banking offices that the \$61,500,000 received so far in 1916 should be considered reflective of an intention in London and Paris to keep the money market in the United States in a comfortable position, so that the Allied Gov-

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ernments might not find it difficult to obtain new credits on decent terms. There may be a modicum of truth in this sort of conjecture, especially so since there are hints in Wall Street that liquidation of American securities for foreign account shows no marked increase, despite the official announcement in London, recently, that the imposition of the special income tax of 10 per cent on British incomes derived from investments in American securities had resulted in a substantial increase in the amount deposited under the "financial mobilization" scheme. It seems singular that the British authorities should prefer to export yellow metal in bulky quantities via Ottawa, Ont., to New York, rather than to dispose of holdings of American bonds and stocks in suitable job-lots. Their course of procedure suggests shrewdness as well as thrift.

Strange times, strange policies. It's quite plain, however, that some decidedly interesting developments are likely to be seen in the money market in the remaining six months of 1916, the soothing utterances of some solicitous financiers notwithstanding. The latest movements in the stock market are undoubtedly anticipatory of them, to a considerable extent. With reference to this subject, the First National Bank of Boston puts forth the following words in its June letter: "Any continued firmness in money will doubtless have its effect on bond prices, as holdings of institutions bought primarily for carrying profits

will come on the market, and since the investments of national banks and trust companies in securities are at record figures, such realizing is likely to be in considerable volume."

The high cost of labor and commodities, together with the astonishing rise in the quoted prices of billions of dollars of bonds, notes and stocks, must be held accountable for much of the increase in the demand for loanable capital. A contract for copper, for example, calls for nearly three times as large a sum as it did in the first month of 1915. The United States Steel Corporation employs about 250,000 men at this date, against 182,000 a year ago, with an average increase of something like 20 per cent in the rates of payment. The enhancement in the general cost of labor in the past eighteen months cannot possibly be less than \$1,250,000,000.

Reliable reports concerning the steel industry place new emphasis upon reactionary signs in various directions. There's a growing inclination to shade prices, in response to moderate contraction in the volumes of new orders. At the same time we are informed that encouragement is found in a big Russian contract for steel rails, and prospects for other important contracts from the same party or parties. Delivery on the rail order is expected to be made in the first half of 1917. The idea seems to prevail, in high trade circles, that the fall months should bring another rush of foreign orders for American steel products of all kinds. Whether or not such additional business may or will be taken at somewhat reduced prices, dependents do not say. Seems to me that they could afford to do so, in view of the exceptionally high figures now in effect. The proper policy should be, not merely to get the business, but to hold it for as long a time as possible.

There are contradictory stories relative to conditions and tendencies in the copper market. Some are to the effect that supplies are growing fast and prices weakening; others would have us believe that prices are likely to record another rise, in response to intimations that foreign Governments are about to conclude new liberal contracts of purchase at ruling quotations. It may be suspected that the latter variety of rumoring originates mostly in Wall Street offices where the shares of copper companies absorb a great deal of benevolent attention. If it should be confirmed by the course of events, we will be justified in considering the end of the war still a long way off. Would such a conclusion be of fortunate purport, financially? Some problem, eh? Well, let's not get into the habit of looking too far ahead.

The quoted prices for the red metal are a little lower than they were a week ago, but still close to the best levels in forty years. There are competitive sales, we are told, at 27 to 28 cents per pound, while the principal agencies continue to ask 29 to 29.25. With the output of the mines of unprecedented dimensions, it would appear as though the foremost dealers should find it a trying task to maintain their altitudinous quotations until October 1. The values of leading copper certificates indicate modest depreciation, in spite of current

reports of wonderful earnings. In regard to this matter, it must be borne in mind that payments are now being made for purchases concluded three or four months ago, when prices were at top marks.

The handsome turn for the better in the cotton industry in the Southland was convincingly demonstrated by the restoration of the 7 per cent dividend on Louisville & Nashville. The reduction to 5 per cent occurred in February, 1915. It seems fair to anticipate a resumption of payments also on Southern Railway preferred before long. Another happy event was the announcement that the Cleveland, C., C. & St. Louis (the Big Four) had resumed cash distributions at the fixed rate of 5 per cent on the preferred, after a profitless interval of three years. This system forms an integral part of the New York Central.

President Louis W. Hill, of the Great Northern, has risen to remind us that his company confidently looks for gross results of \$80,000,000 for the fiscal year ending on the 30th inst., or the greatest on record. The previous maximum—\$78,000,000—was set two years ago. Wonder how President Ripley, of the Atchison, feels about things these days! He used to have an awful "grouch."

Finance in St. Louis.

They did a creditable amount of business on the local Stock Exchange. Interest centered mostly in the 4 per cent bonds of the United Railways Co., about \$70,000 of which were taken at 59.50 to 59.75. The amount given constitutes the largest weekly record in a long time. Naturally, there's a great deal of conjecture in brokerage circles concerning the real significance of the activity in these securities since the middle of May. It seems queer that the many transfers should have occurred within a range of three-quarters of a point. They would indicate consistent efforts on the part of prominent financial interests to support the market for the bonds at ruling levels. About ninety shares of the preferred stock brought 15.50. One thousand dollars St. Louis & Suburban general 5s were sold at 76, a figure implying a little depreciation.

In the industrial department, Wagner Electric Manufacturing played the most distinguished role. To the accompaniment of transfers aggregating one hundred and seventy shares, it rose \$14, touching 255. The precipitous advance elicited further talk concerning additional enlargement of payments to stockholders. The earnings are claimed to be enormous. Thirty-five Chicago Railway Equipment were taken at 98 to 99, denoting an improvement of almost \$25 when compared with the low notch of 1915. The yearly dividend rate is 7 per cent. There are predictions of 110 for this stock. Twenty-five shares of International Shoe preferred brought 109.50, indicating a decline of a half point. Ten St. Louis Cotton Compress were disposed of at 35.

Trading in the certificates of financial institutions was unusually small. Twenty Bank of Commerce were transferred at 105.50, an unchanged price, and fifteen St. Louis Union Trust at

37.3. Otherwise, things remained unaltered. There are no important offerings of shares of this class.

Brokers report a satisfactory over-the-counter business in first-class municipal bonds; also in the mortgage bonds of industrial and railroad corporations whose finances are sound and whose earning capacities are firmly established. Quoted values show a little softening in some cases, as a result of the higher valuation of money, but there are no expectations that the concessions might become of real consequence.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Merchants-Laclede Nat.	285
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	105 1/2
Third National Bank.....	233
Mercantile Trust	342	344
Miss. Valley Trust.....	291	296
United Railways, com.....	4
do pfd	15 1/2
do 4s	60 3/4	61
St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s.....	100
do gen. 5s	75 3/4	76 1/2
Compton Heights 5s.....	100 1/4	100 1/2
Alton, G. & St. L. 5s.....	74 1/2	76
Kinloch L.-D. Tel. 5s.....	94 1/2
International Shoe pfd.....	108 1/2	110
General Roofing, com.....	103 1/2
Central Coal & Coke com.....	65
Hamilton-Brown	103 1/2
Independent Brew. 1st pfd. 20

Answers to Inquiries.

INVESTOR, Montgomery City, Mo.—Wabash common stock is wholly speculative at present. There's no likelihood that it might enter the investment class in the next two years. It suits the purposes of people partial to the buying of such low-priced things as are likely to register advances of \$10 or \$15 during "bull" campaigns. The preferred "A" and "B" certificates are more tempting propositions right now. The former class of stock may receive a dividend before the end of 1916.

CURIOS, Camden Ark.—(1) The St. Louis & Southwestern (Cotton Belt) should be able to resume dividend payments on the preferred at a not distant date. The stock is entitled to 5 per cent. In case of a reaction in the price of the preferred to 40, or thereabouts, you would be justified in adding to your holdings. The advance since last September amounts to \$26. (2) The cotton market has been affected by reports of improvement in the crop prospects. There's no danger of an acute setback. You will do the smart act by accumulating a long line on the occasional reactions. The fall in exports is more than offset by the unparalleled requirements of American spinners. The domestic manufacturing industry has a great future. Bear that in mind, and disregard the ephemeral occurrences on the exchanges.

H. C. McD., La Harpe, Kan.—Farm mortgage bonds, drawing 5 to 6 per cent, and offered by responsible bankers and brokers, form attractive investments. There's a steadily growing demand for securities of this sort. It's the result of the increasing stability of the farming industry, and the gradual disappearance of the speculative factor. In the settled districts of the West, the growing fixedness of quoted values is an interesting and highly encouraging

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fact. I do not think that you will suffer disappointment if you decide to invest in the better kind of agricultural investment paper. The rural credit bill is bound to promote the inquiry for it in a material degree.

SUBSCRIBER, Garden City, S. D.—There's no probability of another substantial advance in the value of Northwestern common in the near future. Barring such untoward developments as cannot be regarded as probable at this date, the quotation might be raised further along in the fall months, say to about 138. In the event of a sharp decline, increase your holdings.

MARGIN, St. Louis.—Don't buy Chandler Motors stock unless you can afford to put up the full amount of cash. Speculative goods of this variety have lost much of their standing in consequence of the discreditable merger deal. Suggested a crude sholl-game.

An old Friend

A certain English lord mayor who was often breezily unconventional in his speech was presiding at a dinner one evening, and as the second course was being served he suddenly jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "Damn it, gentlemen, we neglected to say grace!"

Sergeant (to recruit wandering about at the will of his horse)—"Ere, you! What are you doin' there, ridin' up an' down like a general?—Punch.

"I sent a check to that fund, but I don't believe in parading my charity."

"Well?"

"So I signed a fictitious name to it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

New Books Received

MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC by William Vernon Backus. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50c.

An essay extolling the value of kindness.

INJUSTICE AND NATIONAL DECAY by S. F. Shorey. Published by the author at Seattle, Wash.

A polemical essay on political parties and other matters.

THEIR TRUE FAITH AND ALLEGIANCE by Gustavus Ohlinger. New York: MacMillan & Co.; 50c.

A fairly modulated attack upon the extreme phase of German Americanism, the National German-American Alliance and "Kulturpolitik," with what might be called a rabid introduction by Owen Wister, but yet pointing out the highly diluted Americanism of some of the assailants of American neutrality. This volume is one of the "Our National Problems" series.

THE PRISONER by Alice Brown. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.50.

A very interesting novel concerning an convict, by the author of "My Love and I." Miss Brown's writing has a rare distinction. She is of artistic rank with Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary Wilkins Freeman.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY by Henry Clifford Stuart. Published by the author, 2619 Woodley Place, Washington, D. C.; \$2.00.

Being the letters of Stuart X to government officials, the American press and prominent citizens, dealing with matters of government and economics, edited with an introduction and notes by Aleister Crowley. Indexed.

OSCAR WILDE by Frank Harris. Published by the author, 3 Washington Square, New York. 2 vols.

A vividly sympathetic interpretation of the life and works of Wilde, with many details hitherto unknown. The author's relations with Wilde were quite friendly in a literary way. The book is written with passion.

SELF-RELIANCE by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill; \$1.00 net.

Mrs. Fisher, the author of "The Montessori Mother," herein asserts that one of the effects of modern industrial developments has been to deprive children of the experiences that are essential in making them resourceful and self-reliant, that the city bred child has little of that training which creates a sense of responsibility and skill in solving original problems. How to remedy this condition, how to supply this lack, is the theme of "Self-Reliance." Indexed.

LAWN TENNIS FOR BEGINNERS by J. Parnly Paret. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.25.

"Dos" and "Don'ts" for the tennis beginner by an expert player and an experienced writer. The simplest requirements of the game are clearly explained. Probably the most helpful feature of the book is the numerous photographic illustrations of the right and the wrong way to do things. The instructions on the selection of a proper racket are of great value to the novice.

GAUDIER-BRZESKA by Ezra Pound. New York: John Lane Co.; \$3.50.

A memoir of the famous young vorticist who was killed at Neuville in June of 1915. There are thirty-eight illustrations, consisting of photographs of his sculpture, reproductions of his drawings, and four portraits by Walter Benington.

♦♦♦

High Finance

Having listened to the voice of the siren, a San Francisco man contracted to purchase a piece of property in a suburban tract without going to look at it. When he did, he was surprised. Not long afterward he visited his bank to negotiate a loan. "It's in connection with some lots I have bought," said the borrower. "Do you want the money to finish paying for them?" asked the banker. "Heavens, no," was the reply. "I want the money to buy gasoline enough so that I can drive out to see them."

♦♦♦

Horrible

Captain John Stevenson met a recent arrival from the "auld countree" and speedily got into a chat with him over conditions there. The new arrival told feelingly of the terrible toll of war upon the fair land of Scotia, the sad tales of young men killed and maimed, the sufferings of the families left behind. His was a right sad tale in every way. "Why, mon, we're jist plum distractit

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wi' it," he concluded. "And I suppose the war has caused the price of provisions to go in Scotland as well as everywhere else," commented Captain Stevenson with sympathy. "Aye, mon, ye're richt," agreed the visitor. "Provisions has gone up in price saxpence the bottle."

♦♦♦

Very Delicate

The foreman employed by a big contractor rushed into the office of the boss, wide-eyed and palpitating. "Boss," he exclaimed in agitated tones, "one of them new houses fell down in the night!" "What's that?" exclaimed the boss, jumping up and beginning to take notice. "How did that happen?" "It was the fault of the workmen, boss," replied the foreman. "They took down the scaffolding before they put on the wall paper."

♦♦♦

Liberalism

To and fro marched the sentry before the gate of a certain field—so many paces this way, and then the same number the other. A gentleman, almost as broad as he was long, approached the marching figure and addressed him as follows: "I say, my man, can I go through here?" The sentry paused in his perambulations to gaze at the ponderous figure of his questioner. Then he replied: "Well, I don't exactly know, sir, but a cartload of hay managed to get through this morning?"

♦♦♦

A Tragedy

A Denver man tells of one Westerner's opinion of the East. It appears that this man had occasion to visit New York, a city he had never seen. He remained for a week or two longer than he had expected, and, in writing of his experiences to his wife in the West, he said: "New York City is a great city, but I do wish I had come here before I was converted."

♦♦♦

H. C. of L.

Two married women were having a chat, and, as usual, the conversation veered round to the expense of living. "It's really awful how the rise in

prices has affected us!" said one sadly. "Why, do you know that my bills for clothes this year are exactly double what they were last year?" "Goodness!" gasped the other. "I don't see how your husband can afford it." "He can't," replied the first, calmly. "But, then, he couldn't afford it last year, so what's the difference?"

♦♦♦

In Fatigue

Perhaps the washerlady whose mystification over a suit of pajamas is recorded is a relative of her fellow-craftswoman new to the family, who delivered the wash one day and said: "Say, does yer old man play in a band—or where does he wear them striped uniforms?"

♦♦♦

Profesh

In this city they are telling of a widower who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before herself. The groom-elect wrote across the bottom of one of the wedding invitations sent to a particular friend: "Be sure to come; this is no amateur performance."

♦♦♦

"Did you hear that Jiggs was killed while traveling in Kentucky?" "No. How was he killed?" "In a feud." "And I always told him not to ride in those cheap cars."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

♦♦♦

"Your daughter is getting to be quite a big girl, isn't she?" "Yes; she's big enough now to wear short dresses."—*Topeka Journal*.

♦♦♦

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DELMAR &  HAMILTON

Monday, June 26:
Park Opera Company in
"THE GAY HUSSARS"
Introducing CARL GANTVOORT
and DOLLY CASTLE.

Now Playing:
"The Fortune Teller"

SHENANDOAH

Grand and Shenandoah.

Summer Season of Pictures—Wed-
nesday, June 21, "The Destroyers."
Thurs. & Fri., June 22-23, Edna
Wallace Hopper & Frank Sheridan
in "The Perils of Divorce." Sat.,
June 24, William Russell in "SOUL
MATES."

Eves., 7 & 9; Mats., Wed., Sat., &
Sun., 2:30. ALL SEATS TEN CENTS

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"The Big Place on the Hill"

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DAILY MATINEES. Dancing on the Roof Garden Every Evening and Sun-
day afternoon. Three Daily Concerts by Prof. Lemke's Marine Band.

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tain Ride, Racer Dips, Miniature Railway, Aerial Swing and many others.
Fun and amusement for young and old. Come out this afternoon or even-
ing and join the happy crowds. Free gate until 6 o'clock.
Reserved seats for vaudeville theater on sale at Grand-Leader.

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Special Orchestra in Dance Pavillion

NEW PIKE FEATURES

Afternoon Concert. Garden Admission Free to 6 P. M.—Admission
After 6 P. M., 10c.



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